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Muldergate: new disclosures

Elaine Potter writes: Confirmation that the South African Department of Information provided funds to US businessman John P McGoff to purchase a 50 per cent shareholding in UPITN, a worldwide news film syndication service, came from the Erasmus Commission report last week. It was undoubtedly one of the department's biggest coups, giving them a controlling financial interest in the only worldwide television news service. What effect the Department of Information's takeover has had on dissemination of news across the world is still a matter of speculation but it is disturbing that the fact has slipped by so largely unremarked.

UPITN was set up in 1967 in the United States by UPI and Independent Television News (ITN), each with 50 per cent shareholding. Then in 1973 Paramount Pictures (owned by oil giants Gulf and Western) became the major shareholder with the purchase of fifty per cent of the shares, leaving UPI and ITN with a 25 per cent holding each. Apparently the majority shareholder ceded control of the editorial board and UPI and ITN between them retained two thirds of the votes on the editorial board. Two years later in as yet unexplained circumstances, Paramount sold their shares to John P McGoff – and in fact to the South African Department of Information.

In 1975, McGoff was not exactly a household name in the US – or anywhere else for that matter. But a man about to take a 50 per cent shareholding in the world's only television news distribution conglomerate, serving 180 stations in 70 countries, must have aroused some curiosity. It is not as if McGoff had been all that secretive about his views. He is on the record – any number of times – as supporting the South African government. He is also on record boasting that under his proprietorship the Watergate story would never have been published.

McGoff's relationship with South African officials has grown over the years as his own empire has swelled from a single money-losing FM radio station in Michigan in 1958 to the worldwide publishing enterprise he commands today. McGoff first visited South Africa in the early sixties as a guest of the South African government. Now he is close friends and a partner in his retirement farm with Mulder. McGoff was the only foreign member of the consortium which tried to buy up English language opposition South African newspapers, including the *Rand Daily Mail*, in 1975.

In April, 1976, *To the Point*, a Department of Information sponsored news magazine distributed internationally, quoted McGoff as saying: 'South Africa needs to tell its story and through something like UPITN we can do it'. If the American publisher's commercially unsuccessful South African comic book empire is anything to go by, he prefers the sledgehammer approach to the soft-sell. The principal character in one of his more widely read comics, aimed at a black readership, is a creature, half black man, half tiger. The comic books stress such themes as abhorring the use of weapons by blacks and praising 'those gallant police officers who protect us from the evil forces that would destroy us all'. In such circumstances, UPITN Chairman Sir Geoffrey Cox's bland assurances that 'arrangements for editorial control remained unchanged' after the McGoff takeover are not enough.

Quango bashing

Anne Davies writes: With the Price Commission abolished, Mrs Thatcher has asked Ministers to find out how many of the remaining 3,068 quangos can be disbanded or trimmed down. This astonishing figure was produced by Philip Holland, Conservative MP, in his paper 'Quangos: A Definitive Study' which was distributed before the General Election to the then shadow cabinet. Quangos are almost impossible to define, except in negative terms, but

Holland is undeterred and uses 'an official body to which a Government Minister appoints directly members other than civil servants'. In this way a motley assortment of organisations, including the entire National Health Service and hundreds of legal tribunals, are transformed into quangos. Academic research, more respectful of the problem of definition, has suggested a figure of less than 1,000. The Civil Service Department conducted their own survey in 1978 and included only 252. Holland's concern is with patronage, bestowed in the past on the traditional establishment but more recently on 'socialist appointed academics, trade union leaders and ex-Labour councillors'. For him at least, jobs have been going to the wrong boys.

There is much more to quangos than patronage; some do valuable, often unglamorous work without which government could not function. Much of this work is done in people's spare time, without pay and without prestige. Who on earth would grow dizzy with power and status by joining the Anaesthetic Equipment Advisory Panel or the Working Group on Backpain?

So which ones will be next for the chop? Are they all to be condemned out of hand simply for belonging to a vague category of institution? Holland says nothing in his paper about alternatives to quangos: he calls for 'surgery rather than analgesics'. Clearly the Government hopes to use this blanket condemnation of quangos in general to justify abolishing those it opposes politically. In time it will no doubt discover, like the last Conservative Government, that it wants to create new quangos to carry out its own political programme. Philip Holland's 'Definitive Study' provides the inflated statistics the Government wants; but some of his more ludicrous entries – the Albert Hall, the Chelsea Physic Garden, the Police College and Charterhouse, Rugby and Harrow Schools – would seem to have little enough to fear from the Tories.

The real problem is how to make quangos more publicly accountable. One move open to Philip Holland and any other backbenchers worried about their feeble grip on Government and quasi-Government, would be to increase the momentum generated during the last Parliament for reform of the select committee procedure in the House of Commons. This would involve the creation of department-based committees with powers to scrutinise not only Government Departments and their spending, but also the activities of Quangos.

New Czech repression

Jan Kavan writes: The Czechoslovak authorities, since last November, have set out to destroy the dissident 'Committee to Defend the Unjustly Persecuted' (VONS). On March 26, a leading member of VONS in Brno, Albert Cerny, who was also a member of the Independent Socialists Group, was arrested. But the main police action seems to have been timed to coincide with the Pope's visit to Poland. On May 29, 16 members were detained in prison. In the next two days 6 were released, but 10 were charged with 'subversion of the Republic', one of the most sinister articles of the Penal Code used against political activists. The forthcoming trial is likely to be the biggest since 1972, when one of the present Charter spokesmen, Dr Jaroslav Sabata, was sentenced to six and a half years imprisonment.

The Czech government may have hoped that the Pope's visit, the European elections and the SALT talks would distract the Western mass media. Despite a year's activity, VONS is not well-known in the West – and is always overshadowed by Charter 77 with which VONS is loosely associated. With the sole exception of prominent playwright Vaclav Havel the rest of the arrested members, including Charter spokesmen Dr Vaclav Benda and Jiri Dienstbier, are almost totally unknown in the west. Their fate might not therefore receive the publicity which, by embarrassing the Czechoslovak government, would at least partially protect them.

The Czech government's calculations seem to

have worked. The only Charter spokesman left free, Mrs Zdena Tominova, was not a member of VONS – which is probably why she was not arrested. She has appealed to 'all the progressive people of the world who wish to see the implementation of the Final Act of the Helsinki Conference ... to support our efforts, which have the same aim, and to demand the immediate release of all arrested members of VONS before the trumped-up charges can be brought against them'. She was put under security surveillance, and last week was attacked in her flat by a masked man. She has now been put in hospital. There appears to be a deliberate attempt to isolate and silence her.

The members of VONS who remain free have just issued their 115th statement since VONS' inception in April 1978. They illustrate that their consistent publicity for people prosecuted for their political convictions was in conformity with the Czechoslovak Constitution. VONS' statements highlighting such cases of unknown youngsters and workers have in fact been based only on legal documents such as indictments and verdicts. VONS points out that the trial will clearly violate the international Covenant on Civil and Political Rights which obliges the Czech government, which has ratified the Pact, to provide 'legal protection' to citizens whose right or freedoms have been infringed, including infringements by officials.

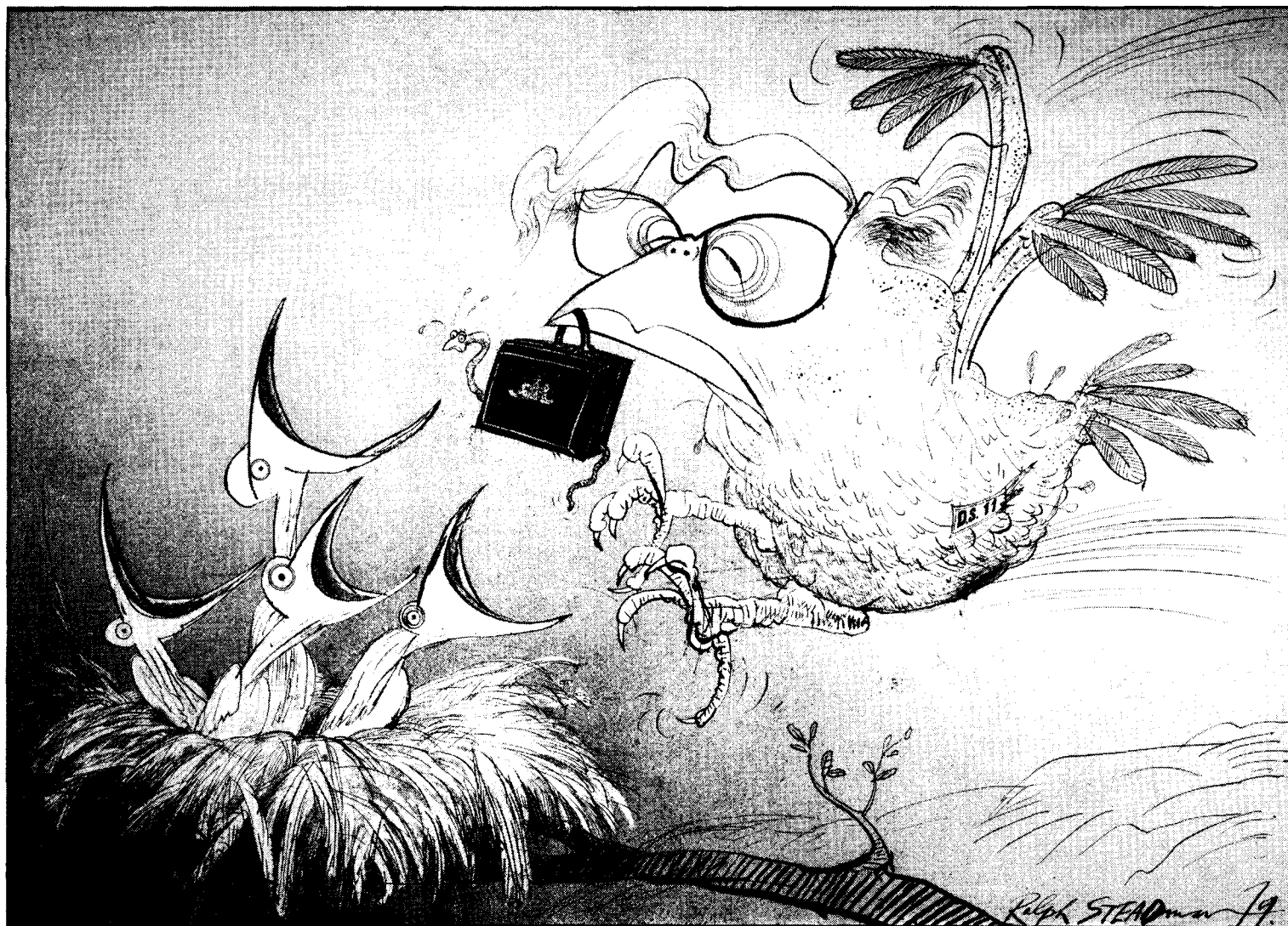
The unselfish big corporations

Mike George writes: In its search for an end to inner city decline the Government are now putting their faith in large private companies, ironically one of the groups most directly responsible for initially causing that decline. On 18 May the Government launched the London Enterprise Agency, backed by Barclays Bank, BOC, BP, GEC, Marks and Spencer, Midland Bank and Shell. The Agency intends to encourage co-operation between large and small firms and foster new employment opportunities in the inner city. Big companies will help nascent small business by providing expert managerial advice, seconded executives, research and development facilities and accounting expertise. The London Enterprise Agency is intended to act as a pilot scheme for a possible extension right across Britain. It could become a major plank of the inner city programme.

At first sight this scheme may seem admirable. However the minutes of a meeting held at the Department of Environment in July 1978 to discuss the launching of the London Enterprise Agency reveals the limits of the big companies' philanthropy. The big companies clearly intend to dominate the small companies and the local authorities; as a result inner city regeneration could end up with a wholly company based flavour.

At the meeting, representatives from each company spoke in turn. ICI wished to develop an agency which 'would help them to sell surplus equipment and allow them to test out new products', but he also made the caveat that 'any small businesses helped must not damage ICI's interests'. Sainsbury's 'saw the advantage in using many small suppliers since it provided flexibility', including presumably, in avoiding the effects of strikes. BP felt that small companies could be 'created to develop BP's research ideas' and said that they had ideas to 'increase BP's support to education'. BOC thought that 'the use of small efficient suppliers and distributors made commercial sense and that large firms had a commercial interest as well as a charitable interest in helping small firms'.

Several participants at the meeting stressed the opportunity for influencing the government. Shell felt that 'large firms could tackle the inner city problem by exerting pressure on the government through the CBI to ease financial and development control problems'. The London Chamber of Commerce envisage the scheme turning into something



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along the lines of the US Urban League – a forum in which big companies and local authorities meet and through which the companies dominate the planning process. Bernard Thorpe and Partners – property advisers to several large pension funds – complain that the main difficulties were the attitude of the public authorities to the release of vacant land. They want the establishment of an 'inner city gilt fund', guaranteed by the government, which would develop factories, let them and then sell off the tenanted buildings as investments.

The Norway connection

Blaine Stothard writes: The repercussions of an official secrecy trial held in Oslo three months ago continue to seriously wrinkle the face of Norway's social democracy. Two left wing journalists and a colleague were given suspended prison sentences in March after a trial on 'espionage' charges. But, during the case, supporters published detailed studies of the supposedly secret material with which the case was concerned. The result has been continuing rowing and embarrassment for the authorities.

The two journalists, Ingolf Teigene and Jan Otto Hauge of the socialist weekly *Ny Tid*, had helped another researcher prepare and publish information on the involvement of US intelligence agencies in Norway, plans for sabotage inside the Soviet Union in the 1950s, and on the consequent undermining of official policies prohibiting the presence of nuclear weapons, or the permanent stationing of foreign troops on Norwegian soil. The trial, known as the 'Listesaken' (lists case) because of the compilation of lists of Norwegian Special Branch agents as part of the research, was expected to be the culmination of three years of debate about secret intelligence and the US military connection in particular (NS 2 June 1978). But it now looks like the debate will

continue for some time to come.

The books which were published by supporters during the trial – in defence of any restriction – have further opened up concern about the US connection. One book was published by a team including defence lawyers, and another by peace researchers in Oslo and Stockholm. Collectively, they reveal that 250,000 people have been under surveillance by Norwegian military intelligence, 7,500 of them 'actively'. Some 600 military intelligence employees are supplemented by an astonishing force of 262 full-time surveillance agents, whose tasks include the scrutiny of quite legitimate political meetings. The NATO military command, in which Norway is a partner, has reportedly prepared files on Norwegian military personnel whom NATO has decided represent security risks. Even more astonishingly, most data gathered by Norwegian intelligence is given to the United States more readily than it is passed on to NATO.

Lords' test

Anna Coote writes: Four state-financed bodies have been engaged this week in a costly legal battle in the House of Lords. The Science Research Council and British Leyland were in dispute with the Equal Opportunities Commission and the Commission for Racial Equality over a key point in the sex and race equality laws. The Lords' ruling will make a great deal of difference – one way or the other – to individuals who believe they are victims of unlawful discrimination. The EOC is backing the case of Mrs Joan Nasse, a clerical officer employed by the Science Research Council. Mrs Nasse had applied for promotion to executive officer grade: one man and one single woman were selected for interviews, but she was not. She claims the SRC treated her less favourably because she was married and because of her trade union activities (she was a branch officer

of the Civil and Public Servants' Association). The CRE, meanwhile, had lent its support to Mr Nat Vinyu Vyas, a methods analyst at BL's Cowley plant. Mr Vyas had applied for transfer to another BL division and was selected for interview along with two others. But while the others (both white) were accepted for transfer, he was not – and he is claiming that BL discriminated against him on racial grounds.

To substantiate their claims, both Mrs Nasse and Mr Vyas needed to show that they had not been turned down because their qualifications were inferior. In the course of preparing their respective cases for the industrial tribunal, they asked to see documents held by their employers which related to the qualifications of the successful applicants. The SRC and BL declined, insisting that it would be a breach of confidence. Nasse and Vyas won the first two stages (industrial tribunal and Employment Appeals Tribunal), but the SRC and BL fought through to the Appeal Court, where Lord Denning, true to form, reversed the decision and ruled that confidential documents should be produced only in the rarest of circumstances. He even went on to suggest that when they were produced, they should be shown only to the complainants' lawyers and not to the complainants themselves.

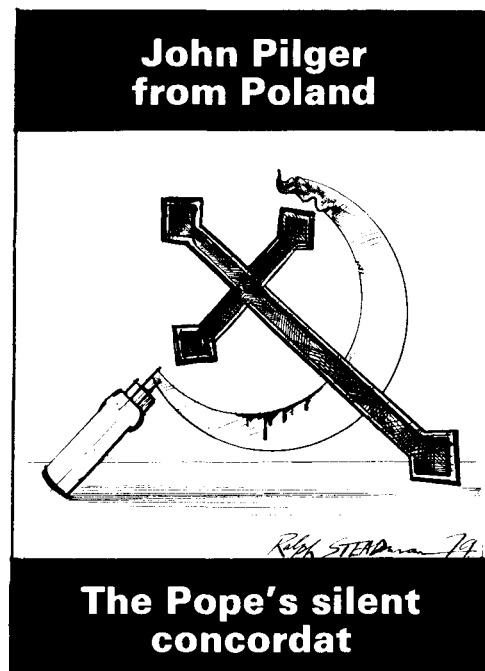
The issue at stake is whether or not people who complain of race or sex discrimination should be allowed access to confidential papers which might help them substantiate their claims. (How can Ms A prove that she has been treated less favourably than Mr B when the employer in question claims he made his decisions purely on the basis of merit and refuses to release documents which indicate how he assessed the two candidates?) If the Law Lords uphold Lord Denning's decision, some of the main provisions of the equality laws will become unworkable – not only for individual complainants but also for the two Commissions.

LAST FRIDAY NIGHT, a cocktail party was held in the Holiday Inn, just outside Krakow on the road to Auschwitz. It was a hearty, almost triumphant occasion with vodka supplied by the Bison Brand people who had been dispensing their fine product, gratis, plus Bison Brand desk flags, key rings and ball-point pens to the thousand or more foreign Press covering the Pope's tour of his homeland. It was an invitations-only affair hosted by the Foreign Ministry of the People's Republic and with guests drawn from four distinct groups: the hierarchies of the United Workers (Communist) Party and the Polish Church, the Vatican and the media. 'This is such a wonderful celebration', said a bishop to a senior Ministry 'spokesman', whose arm appeared to be fixed to the bishop's shoulder, as if a tango were contemplated. 'There is much to celebrate', said he; and the happy, crumpled faces of both God's and Caesar's servants seemed to indicate this was so. Certainly, the Press could not have been happier; shrewd nannying by the Government Interpress Agency was almost American-style, with cataracts of handouts and translations, interpreters, 'shuttle' buses and batteries of phones and Telex machines wherever we went, including a 'Press centre' in the Gate of Death at Birkenau extermination camp, overlooking the ovens and the chimneys.

But what was the celebration *really* about? From what I could gather here, a great many commentators in Western Europe and America have seen the Pope's tour in trusted Cold War terms of good (the Church) triumphant over evil (Communism); and of course it was nothing of the sort. Of all the historic 'firsts', the most significant was scarcely mentioned: the striking of an unwritten deal between the Vatican, representing spiritual imperialism, and the Polish leadership, representing Stalinist imperialism. It is a deal involving great gamesmanship, under which, for the sake of self preservation and 'continuity', each recognises the other's boundaries of power in Poland – power, that is, to subdue and tame the Polish people. At the Pope's airport farewell the Polish President, Henryk Jablonski, having been bear-hugged by the Pontiff, put it like this. There is now, he said, a 'convergence between Church and State in Poland'. There is, in other words, another 'concordat', though much more subtle than the last, which was consummated between the Vatican and Germany in 1933.

ON THE EVE of the Pope's arrival I was introduced to a senior Government bureaucrat, a man responsible for much of Poland's foreign trade dealing, by one of his 'liberal' friends in the film world. He said, 'If you come here and wish to see this event as an heroic Pope returning home and thereby challenging the power of the State, that is your mistake. The reality is quite different. Poland is the political volcano of the Soviet bloc; the workers brought down Gomulka and two of his predecessors, and ninety per cent of them are Roman Catholic. Without an accommodation between Church and State, neither will survive in their present form. *Anyway, look how much we have in common!* We are both totalitarian, we both wish to control people and to instruct their minds! The Pope is a Pole; he knows this better than anyone, and as Pope it's his job – *his sacred duty!* – to accommodate with the lesser evil ...'

Such measured cynicism is echoed by those



who oppose, or rather resist the regime, as best they can: especially writers and filmmakers who have survived by perfecting what they call 'the code of the metaphor'. (A radical Polish film currently doing the rounds here is called *King Fu*, which, to the politically initiated, means 'struggle for freedom'.)

Throughout his tour, the Pope's generally vapid jibes at the regime were blown into headlines and given a significance they did not deserve, especially when you compare them with his effusive flattery of the Central Committee. To Edward Gierek, the Party Chairman, he said, 'I express my esteem for all your solicitude that has as its aim the common good of fellow citizens'. To the assembled Politburo, he said, 'I have regard for all of you, the distinguished representatives of the authorities, and for each one in particular, and the dignity which you hold ...' And they all beamed and shook on it.

In his book, *God's First Love*, probably the most documented account of the Vatican's 1933 Concordat with the Nazis, Frederick Heer wrote: 'Archbishop Grober, in the Handbook of Contemporary Religious Questions, which was published with official church approval in Freiburg in 1937 and which gave the authoritative view of the German churches on all political and religious questions of the Nazi period, declared the Concordat to be "a proof that two powers, totalitarian in character, can reach an agreement, if their spheres are clearly differentiated ..."' That is precisely what they were celebrating the other night at the Holiday Inn.

OF COURSE, Pope John Paul II is a very different man from the reclusive, tortured character that was Pius; but what the ballyhoo surrounding him on his Polish odyssey concealed was that, like Pius and Paul (John was an aberration: the one true radical), he is a profound fundamentalist, a preserver at all costs.

Since his installation as Pope, his considerable energies have been directed almost exclusively to shoring up the archaic fortress of the Catholic church, as exemplified by the Polish branch, which produced him and is still very much medieval at heart. (One unforgettable sight last week was a long line of confes-

sional booths, on a meadow beside the Jasna Gora monastery, with a queue of passive sinners awaiting their turn.) Do those who have exalted the Polish Church's 'struggle for freedom' seriously suggest that the Poles would have more democratic freedoms if they swapped Edward Gierek for the despotic Cardinal Wyzynski?

Indeed, in the short time since Karol Wojtyla became Pope he has wasted no time in condemning *all* the main liberalising forces within the Church: those that champion a more humane attitude toward birth control, abortion, divorce and the celibacy rules for priests. In his Puebla speech he said nothing about those Christians, including many priests, who have suffered in the torture chambers of Latin America and have died in the defence of human rights and their Christian faith. I was in Mexico shortly after the Pope's visit and met young priests, superb men, trying to battle with poverty, the State oligarchy and their own hyper-orthodox masters, and who waited for a powerful word of support from John Paul II. One of them, who bore the scars of a torture session in El Salvador, said, 'I despair his silence'. The 1970s may be a very different world from the 1930s and 1940s; but Pius, in his obsession with the preservation of Fortress Vatican, alas said nothing about the thousands of similar sufferers.

JOHN PAUL II is undoubtedly the first 'media Pope'. I have been to a number of 'media events' around the world; I have never been to one like that staged at Auschwitz and Birkenau death camps last week. At Birkenau, the Pope's large white helicopter landed in a plantation of chimneys: hundreds of horrific sentinels built at ground level and with the ovens beneath. Nearby was a prefabricated edifice for the Mass, a kind of Papal reviewing stand, with the gold and velvet Papal throne, a giant cross girt by barbed wire and two priests, former prisoners, wearing copies of the infamous striped uniform. And half a million people. And stalls selling busts of the Pope, plastic Dying Christs, ice cream, Coca Cola and sizzling sausages – the first meat, incidentally, many of the faithful had seen for weeks. Those photographers who managed to escape from the 'media enclosure' and try for a creative angle of His Holiness were swiftly apprehended by arm-band wearing toughs from the parishes; heaving a camera strap from behind was a favourite method of ecclesiastical arrest. If revolutionary fires had been lit in the great crowds, it would have been these soldiers of the Church who would have put them out.

Over all this was a whiff of hypocrisy. Most of those murdered here were Jews, and they died while church bells continued to peal in Germany. And here was the leader of the Church celebrating mass at the epicentre of their agony. Of the Jews he said this: 'The very people that received from God the commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Kill", itself experienced in special measure what is meant by killing. It is not permissible for anyone to pass by this ... with indifference.' And that was all he said about them. If ever there was a historic opportunity to publicly repudiate the Church's darkest age since the Inquisition – the Concordat with the Nazis which, in effect, condemned many Jews to death – this was such an opportunity. But he made no mention of it, which is a pity.

Socialism in the Nine

FOR THOSE newly-elected members who want to do a job of work in the European Parliament, life promises to be frustrating – particularly for those on the Left who want to build an alternative Europe. The Left – itself in need of clear definition – faces several obvious weaknesses. Thanks to the low turnout at the polls, the combined forces of the Socialist, Communist and Independent Left will be a clear minority – little more than a third of the Assembly. The Christian Democrats, Conservatives, Liberals and Gaullists may be divided by a variety of historical and secondary issues. But they will provide a formidable barrier to radical reform and change. If the Assembly majority gets its way the European Community will remain based foursquare on capitalist foundations.

The ranks of the Socialists and Communists are themselves not exactly replete with firebrands who want to uproot the EEC status quo – let alone fundamentally restructure European society. Most of the MPs in these groups have been selected from the most ideologically conformist sections of their respective parties. To the tiny handful of anti-market heretics from the British Labour party and from Denmark may be added perhaps a dozen other leftwingers from the two big parties and those independents who managed to slip through the Euro-net. Both the Socialists and the Communist groups are committed on paper to a number of desirable reforms – including defence of the rights of trade unions, women and migrant workers. But in the somnolent atmosphere of the European Parliament the bulk of their members will, if precedent is to be relied on, be satisfied with occasional speech making: it is unlikely that they will make any serious attempt to forge an alternative strategy which could tap the energies of the relevant extra-parliamentary opposition groups. The French CP is bent on banging a nationalist drum and defending the CAP against all comers. The Italian CP is still obsessed by establishing its respectability in the eyes of its potential coalition partners – the Christian Democrats.

A goodly number of the new members of the European Parliament, including most if not all of the British Labour delegation, will go to Strasbourg under the illusion that their principal foe will be the Commission. In fact the Commission resembles nothing more than the Babylonian priesthood which treasured and guarded the doctrines of the old faith centuries after the empires of Sumer and Ur had passed away. The Commission is left today defending the Treaty of Rome – which was written more than twenty years ago, and reflects political, economic and social realities which have changed out of all recognition in Europe.

The formal letter of the Treaty law is frequently ignored by the member states because its extreme *laissez faire* inspiration is simply not relevant to a community where a handful of multinationals dominate the major industries and where the state is increasingly involved in the management and financing of European capitalism's declining and decaying industrial sectors. Today the Commission hardly dares make a policy proposal unless it has good reason to know in advance that it

will not be blocked by one or more national interest groups. The result is the stagnation which is all too evident in the development of community policy-making in areas as diverse as energy and fisheries. In trying to force economic or social change the obstacle which Euro-MPs will confront will be erected ninety nine times out of a hundred by the Council of Ministers and not the Commission. The irony is that many of the severest critics of the present Community and its policy priorities – whether it is the CAP or the grotesque imbalance in the flow of payments and receipts between Britain and the EEC budget – actually believe that their job is to defend the sovereignty of the Council of Ministers.

THE EUROPEAN Parliament is given some very modest leeway to influence the size and shape of the annual Common Market budget. But any form of spending deemed 'obligatory' is placed well outside their reach. This, needless to say, covers the bulk of CAP spending including expenditure on price guarantees to the farmers. A progressive onslaught on the CAP in the new parliament therefore depends on two developments: first, the construction of a coalition of MPs which can carry a majority for substantial changes in the policy; and second, the extension by the Parliament of its budget veto from what is, at the moment, the tinsel on the budget cake, to the central areas of CAP spending. Most national governments have no intention of surrendering any such powers to the parliament even where, as in Britain's case, this would mean a new ally in the fight to cut farm spending and increase other forms of community spending which help the poorer, especially the older industrial regions, of the Common Market.

The advent of a Conservative government in Britain will not help the struggle to increase EEC spending on the provision and support of industrial employment, on improved social security standards, on aid to the economically backward regions or even on increased research and development in new energy sources. The last Labour government had won some limited support for the notion that the Community should increase non-farm spending to help redress the budget imbalance (the CAP accounts for 80 per cent of EEC spending at present). But Sir Geoffrey Howe and his colleagues are as sceptical of the value of increased public spending by the EEC as by the national government. It will be much more difficult to convince West Germany or Benelux to finance increased spending on regional, social or industrial development if the UK government intends pocketing the proceeds in an attempt to reduce the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement.

The battle for a more industrially and socially oriented Common Market budget is unlikely to be assisted by general economic developments in the next few years. The new European Parliament will begin work next month as the signs of a new world recession become too obvious to be ignored. Another recession – especially one which is underpinned by a protracted energy crisis – is bound to add to the already formidable list of European industries looking for a government or EEC fairy godmother. The operation of the

Davignon plan for the steel industry and the special measures to protect textiles have evoked controversy enough. Another recession seems likely to add motor vehicles, shipbuilding, synthetic fibres and perhaps machine tools to the list of industrial hospital cases; it is also bound to revive the debate which has already enjoyed episodic life, between advocates of an 'Open Europe' and advocates of a 'Fortress Europe'. Although supporters of a free trading Europe in a free trading world can still command a formal majority at meetings of the EEC Council of Ministers this may not survive a lengthy economic recession.

THE BIGGEST trading bloc in the modern world, even when augmented by Greece, Spain and Portugal, will not be big enough to shut out the world capitalist crisis. Any 'planning' which is restricted to the boundaries of the EEC risks getting snarled up in the trade war strategies of the European economic nationalists. The free trade option is not on for all those industries – indeed all those countries – which simply cannot manage the productivity levels needed to survive increasingly ruthless economic commercial competition. Hence the European Left should now be preparing a programme based on demands for democratic control and planning of production, investment and foreign trade. At the moment about the only kind of Euro-planning is being done by the central bankers of the EEC inside the new European Monetary System. Their priorities will not be those of full employment in present circumstances.

To date, official EEC initiatives in the battle against unemployment have been a sick joke. A succession of conferences bringing together unions, employers, governments and the Commission have got precisely nowhere and the ETUC has threatened not to attend any more unless there is some commitment to implementing policies which will have some effects on the numbers of jobless. Little wonder that some socialists and trade union militants believe the time may be ripe for convening a 'European Assembly of Labour' at which a common strategy could be hammered out.

The handful of Left-wingers who find themselves on the Strasbourg/Luxembourg circuit will have to learn quickly that what they say in the chambers of the European Parliament will have even less impact than a similar speech given in a national parliament. On the other hand there is scope for using parliament, and its specialist sub-committees in particular, to highlight the effect of the crisis on the quality of life and the civil freedoms of the people of Europe. There is every case for making the European Parliament a sounding board to publicise attacks on civil liberties, the denial of rights to divorce, contraception or abortion. For instance, the committees of the Parliament could become influential and even feared instruments of investigation of the murkier aspects of life in the European Community such as the efforts to forge closer links between NATO and the EEC. For that to happen they must be staffed with men and women who are both determined to make their case heard and who also have (or are ready to acquire) the necessary expertise.

A REACTIONARY BUDGET was promised, and comes as no surprise. Nor, to readers of this paper, will it come as a surprise to find that the Budget is incompetent, and relies on fiscal sleight-of-hand. We said that Sir Geoffrey Howe and his friends would treat the economy as an adventure playground, and that is what they have done. The people who are going to be disappointed – as we show in our tax calculations below – are the skilled workers and middle-managers who took the Tory election prospectus at face value. To benefit seriously from this Budget you need to be a commercial lawyer – a QC, say, with one or two fat directorships in the City. You need to be somebody like Sir Geoffrey Howe, before he went into his present line of work. The Budget has nothing to say to you if you happen to be a toolmaker in the car industry, wondering whether it makes sense to do some extra overtime. (But it does, of course, look after the interests of the hereditary aristocracy, who are so well represented in Mrs Thatcher's band of 'meritocrats'.)

What the Chancellor has produced is, in essence, a work of mysticism. As our analysis on the following pages sets out, there is in the Budget no specific apparatus of economic regeneration. Formally, it is a credit squeeze, a deceleration. Without demonstration, and without empirical argument, Sir Geoffrey simply asserts that some eleemosynary force of renewal will flow from the fact that he has made a small number of wealthy people a good deal better-off than they were last week. His basic idea that greed and enterprise are co-terminous is the same as that which lay behind the disastrous gamble of Anthony Barber: with the added absurdity that the miracle is expected to blossom forth against a background of iron-clad restriction in the money-supply. It will not work: the trouble is that when it fails, Mrs Thatcher, who has never given any sign of being a learning animal, will probably declare that it is all because of moral failings on the part of the British people. Fanaticism, in Santayana's

Britain's self-inflicted wounds

famous definition, consists in re-doubling your efforts when you have already become confused about your aims: so the likelihood is that this Budget is only a foretaste of the future that the Tories are driving the country towards.

BUT IT IS A SAD reflection for socialists and radicals that most of the foundations for Sir Geoffrey's rickety structure were laid by the regime of Mr Callaghan and Mr Healey. True, they could have been expected to avoid the grosser social injustices. But the difference is only between the unashamedly ugly face of monetarism, and the bland cosmetic mask that it has worn for the past several years. There is a story of two neophyte Labour members in the early years of this century, who found themselves overwhelmed, during the State Opening of Parliament, with the massive and gaudy evidence of the structure of British privilege: 'George', said one of them, turning to the other, 'this here is going to take a great deal of abolishing'. It was the work of a moment for Sir Geoffrey Howe to abolish the evidence of Denis Healey's socialism.

And saddest of all is the fact that the wounds which Britain's economy will suffer over the next few years are unnecessary, and will be in essence self-inflicted. Thoroughly to reconstruct the British economy – to repair the damage done by financial hooliganism, by inadequate education, and most of all by the corrosive poison of class privilege – is surely the work of two or three generations. But there is no intrinsic reason why, in the medium term, it cannot be managed well enough to provide for adequate employment, and for some modest beginnings of industrial growth. For this reason, we close our analysis with a projection of an alternative economic strategy, derived from the Treasury's own economic model by the process of giving it somewhat different priorities to work on. It suggests that there is nothing in the economic reality of our situation to make social brutality unavoidable, and it is to the advancement of that truth that Labour in opposition needs to dedicate itself.

Tax changes: those who have, shall receive

'THE INCOME TAX changes', Sir Geoffrey Howe said in his budget speech, 'mean that for the married couple where the husband earns £100 a week... there will be an increase in take-home pay averaged over the remainder of the financial year of over £4 a week. The increases in VAT and petrol duty will increase average family expenditure by about £2.75. So that, taking both the direct and indirect tax changes into account, the average family will be about £1.30 a week better off.'

With those encouraging words, uncritically reported by TV and the press, Howe set about winning public support for his measures. As in Alice's caucus Race, there would be prizes for everyone.

It is not true. That £4 a week, averaged over the remainder of the financial year should more honestly have been presented as £3.20 averaged over the whole financial year: it only becomes £4 because the late budget will compress the annual tax saving into a shorter period of time. What is more, 90p of that £3.20 had already been announced by Denis Healey before the Labour Government fell – the 'Rooker-Wise' amendment that kept personal tax allowance in line with inflation. So what Howe has done on top of that is cut the £100-a-week family's income tax by £2.30 a week – while increasing its expenditure by £2.75. Instead of making it £1.30 a week better off, the new measures announced on Tuesday will make it 45p a week worse off.

The table shows the overall effect of Howe's new measures for different income families. Both the income tax cuts, and the VAT and petrol duty increases, are calculated at their full annual rate for a family with two children with just the father's income coming into the family. (True, VAT which was, till this week, lower, can't be raised retrospectively.) The figures show that, contrary to the fudged calculations presented by Howe, the vast majority of wage and salary earners will be worse off over a full

	INCOME TAX			INDIRECT TAXES			NET CHANGE
	Before budget	After budget	CHANGE	VAT change	petrol change	Total change	
PENSIONER COUPLE on state pension, £31.20 a week	0	0	(pension up extra £109)	+36	0	+36	GAIN £73
LOW-PAID FAMILY income £55 a week	331	276	-55	+76	0	+76	LOSS £21
MANUAL WORKER'S FAMILY income £90 a week	932	822	-110	+116	+17	+133	LOSS £23
WHITE COLLAR WORKER'S FAMILY income £6,000 a year	1,038	910	-128	+139	+21	+160	LOSS £32
MANAGER'S FAMILY income £10,000 a year	2,093	1,878	-215	+250	+30	+280	LOSS £65
DIRECTOR'S FAMILY income £25,000 a year	8,582	6,705	-1,877	+370	+30	+400	GAIN £1477
TOP BOSS'S FAMILY income £40,000 a year	20,154	14,974	-5,180	+445	+30	+475	GAIN £4,705

year. Only by adding in the Rooker-Wise tax cut already announced will most people become better off – typically by 30 to 50p a week. The irony for the Tories is that the only family in our table that remains worse off is, extraordinarily, the £10,000-a-year manager's family.

Having said that, for most people the budget means no change in living standards, give or take one pint of beer (or one glass of wine) a week. The exceptions are pensioners, who will get a bigger increase in November than previously announced, and the very high paid. For the £40,000 a year company chairman, the £100-a-week tax cut compares with a likely £9-a-week rise in VAT and petrol duty.

Individual circumstances vary, of course: childless couples tend to spend more on VAT-able goods and services, so will suffer more – though where the wife works the extra tax allowances will help. The main figures in the table, however, are derived from the details of

the budget statement, together with the patterns of spending reported in the Government's latest Family Expenditure Survey. I have made additional graduated allowances in our seven income groups for the effect of mortgage payments, pension allowances, and car expenditure.

One of the happier men, undoubtedly, this coming weekend must be the Treasury's Permanent Secretary, Sir Douglas Wass. Last week, as part of the Top Salary Review, he was awarded a £3,000 pay rise. Now, as a result of Howe's tax cuts, his tax bill is actually likely to fall by almost £400 a year despite the pay rise. After the VAT and petrol changes, Wass will now be £60 a week better off. If the name of the game is incentives, the performance of the Treasury mandarins should be well worth watching.

Peter Kellner

The hard cost of Sir Geoffrey's vision

THE TORIES' BUDGET is based on an act of faith: and an unjustified act of faith at that. There is little to support the idea that income tax cuts and tight control of the money supply is a magic potion which can revive the British economy. Rather the reverse: the price the British economy will have to pay for the adventure launched by Sir Geoffrey Howe is enormously high in terms of unemployment and reduced living standards.

As befits a mystic, the Chancellor barely mentioned such mundane things as the economic forecasts published with the budget and on which 'a budget judgment' is usually based. No wonder: they foretell a recession in 1980, when output in the first six months is expected to fall by 1 per cent compared with the last half of this year. Unemployment will rise, real wages will fall and by this autumn inflation is expected to reach 16 per cent (at the present it is 10 per cent). And even these forecasts are based on an optimistic view of world trade. As the budget offers little to the mass of workers, this winter promises to be one of such discontent as to make last year's seem like a happy dream.

All the Tory talk of boosting incentives and reviving the British economy may have made some people think that their budget would do something for economic growth. But their commitment to cutting money supply and the public sector meant that they had to ignore the growing world recession and the signs that the British economy was anyway slowing down and heading for more unemployment. At a time when the economy needs to be stimulated by more government spending and fewer taxes if jobs are to be preserved and industry to be expanded the Chancellor has decided it can be stimulated by a redistribution from the whole population (except pensioners) to the very rich, coupled with a deflationary budget and a credit squeeze.

It is almost certainly true that a Labour government would have done little better for the economy: though it is hard to be precise in the absence of any forecasts of what might have been. However, the most sweeping change in the budget is well hallmarked with Tory stamps' a massive switch from direct to indirect taxation involving, in a complete year, over a sixth of income tax revenue. And that is promised as only a start.

The fur-lined chariot of salvation

HOWE, OF COURSE, knows that his budget is going to increase unemployment. He hopes that he can blame this on his inheritance from Labour and sees it as only a transitory sacrifice until the strategy of opportunity works: lower taxes will encourage people to work harder, productivity will be increased, British goods will be more competitive, demand for

them will rise and there will be more work for all and more revenue to finance government programmes. A small number of people will make no transitory sacrifices. 'These are the people who upon whom so many of our hopes for initiative, greater enterprise and national prosperity must depend,' Howe said. They are a remarkable small group of storm troopers for growth, probably not more than a million out of a 25 million strong army of tax payers.

Our table opposite shows how, on any realistic assumption about the spending patterns of various households, it is only those earning well over £10,000 who will receive any significant financial benefit. In many cases, especially in government and nationalised industries, these highly paid people have effectively received a double wage increase: one of the arguments for apparently large jumps in their pre-tax pay in recent years has been the punitive rates of tax. These have now disappeared, with the maximum rate of tax on earnings set at 60 per cent and on unearned income at 75 per cent. With the abolition of dividend control, many such can look forward to a further sharp rise in their disposable income. The Chancellor tried to give these changes a broader base by referring to the number of skilled workers who now pay the higher rates of tax, but in fact the government's own earnings survey shows that it is a very small proportion of workers indeed who earn enough to give them £190 of taxable income a week (after all allowances), which is the new threshold for the first higher rate of tax.

Howe's own figures show that the number of people paying the higher rates of tax will be halved to 600,000 and the number of people liable to pay the investment income surcharge will drop from only 800,000 to 300,000. These people will now be allowed £5,000 of unearned income free of the 15 per cent tax surcharge. That is the sort of income that a portfolio of shares worth about £75,000-£100,000 might produce. Again Howe tried to make it sound populist by recalling that half the surcharge is paid by people over 65, who have had to make provision for their retire-

ment. Although this conjures up a nice image of thrifty pensioners studying the FT each morning, it is unclear how helping these people acts as a spur to greater initiative and enterprise.

A variety of other measures will make life happier for the lucky million or so sharing our £800 million of tax cuts: they can now spend £100,000 on a villa in Monte Carlo without the tiresome problem of paying for the investment currency. This, it is true, may not be so appealing as it was, with the promise of sweeping changes in capital taxes on the way.

To concentrate on the comparatively modest cost of the changes in the treatment of investment income and the higher bands of income tax - £800 million in a full year, compared with, for example, £4 billion on VAT - misses the point. Howe offers these policies of enriching the rich as the mechanism by which the British economy can be saved. There is little evidence - if any - to support such a view and the policy looks particularly ugly when set against the highly regressive nature of the whole strategy.

Invented: a new type of pension fiddle

IN ROUND TERMS, the changes in income and company tax will cost the government about the same as the increase in VAT. Reducing the government's borrowing requirement will be financed by cuts in public spending - cuts which in most cases will increase unemployment, hinder industrial recovery and raise the cost of government services disproportionately to the poorer in society.

This is a strategy which brings a two-fold real redistribution to the rich. The government have not tackled the thorniest problem in Britain's tax system: the tax allowances



The Makro Post Graduate Award Scheme

Makro, one of Britain's biggest Self Service Wholesalers has announced that it will sponsor an exciting Post Graduate Award Scheme.

The scheme is designed to give Post Graduate students the opportunity to express their views on important topics that effect the nature of the type of society we want to live in.

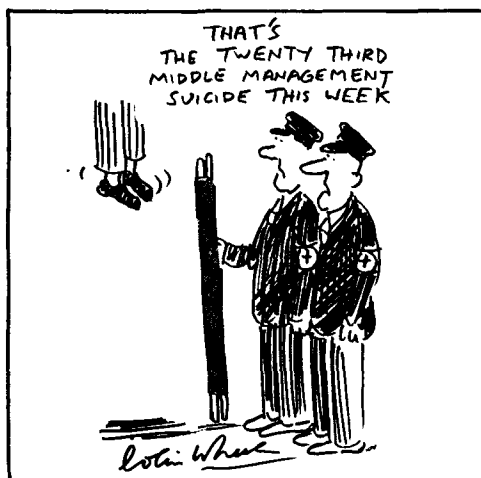
The theme for this years essay is "The small businessman, his present and future relationship with the community." A first prize of £500 and trophy, plus second and third prizes of £200 and £100 will be awarded at a special presentation dinner.

The competition opens on the 30th May and entry forms are now being sent out to all Universities and Business Schools in the U.K.

Further information can be obtained from Chris Brailsford, Makro U.K., Emerson House, Albert Street, Eccles, Manchester M30 0LJ.

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which, in the main, benefit the rich. These allowances – in mortgage interest and life assurance premium relief – are now so generous that tax revenue would be increased by a third if they were dropped. It is these reliefs which reduces Britain's *average* tax rates to levels lower than in many other European countries. A government seriously interested in cutting direct tax fairly, and in a way which might have an significant impact on it, in terms of skilled workers, would bring this tax allowance welfare state under control and use the money to slash tax rates.

However, such changes make a fairly direct attack on some traditional Tory voters – not all, by any means, the people of initiative and enterprise this budget is meant to be aimed at. The government has therefore opted for a way of cutting taxes that increases prices: 15 per cent VAT puts up the retail price index by 3 per cent at a stroke. Sir Geoffrey may come to regret his defence of this policy:

I shall be leaving people with more money in their pockets with which to pay the increase in VAT. A sage comment to match Harold Wilson's 'pound in your pocket'.

The switch to indirect taxes clearly benefits the rich. Other policies may have a similar regressive effect: if the effect of the strict application of cash limits, which is expected to save £1 billion, puts local authority finances under strain, further services will have to be cut, or rates and rents increased. With housing accounting for a much larger proportion of the working class budget than that of a better off family, this will hit the poorer harder. As will any increases in the price of gas, electricity and public transport, resulting from the cuts made in these areas.

No matter how they try the Tories cannot produce any figures to show that indirect taxes are not regressive: the poor always pay a higher proportion of their income in indirect taxes than the rich. But the poor are also paying in another way: the Tories are to scrap the Labour scheme of indexing pensions to wage rises, or prices, whichever is the higher. In future pensions will only be linked to prices. The loss of future pensions should be considerable: this formula, if applied over the last five years would have meant that the pension for a married couple was £5 less than it actually is.

This change has a deeper and more ominous significance, and one heightened by the fact that we have a government which was advertised as having a proper moral character. It is one thing to say to tax payers – we are going to take more, or less, from you this year. It is quite another to say to pensioners, ex-tax

payers: 'Sorry we know you paid taxes in the confident expectation of a certain level of pensions but we have changed our minds.' It is behaviour which, if practised by a private insurance company, would create a furore and when practised by a government can only damage the credibility of any government pension scheme. But then, for the Tories and their enthusiastic support of the private institutions of British capital, this may not necessarily be a disadvantage. And they may have stumbled on a most effective way of making tax cuts in future.

Fact and fantasy in public spending

THERE IS NO shortage of myths surrounding this budget. It is odd that a party which constantly harped on the theme that money could not be conjured from nowhere, should think that large numbers of people can be substantially enriched by changes in the tax system, and odder still to think that people will consider it is 'choice' to be compelled to pay tax on goods they buy rather than tax on the income they earn. It also seems something of a fantasy to think that the problems of the British economy will be solved by such purposeless turbulence.

But the approach served the purpose of making it easy to avoid some important policy issues. The strength of the pound, for example, has wreaked havoc on many British exporters. The Treasury's own Financial Statement made no bones about the 'growing impact of unfavourable competitiveness' on the British economy. But all Sir Geoffrey could do was note that his policies should 'maintain confidence in the currency' and announce a relaxation of exchange controls to promote the export of British capital to provide employment overseas. Such a policy may encourage long-term funds to go abroad but draw in speculative money – such as that which sent sterling up on news of the 14 per cent minimum lending rate announced during the budget speech.

There was also plenty of scope for some imaginative fiddling of the figures. The cuts in public spending of £4,000 million sound enormous, but at least £1,500 million of them are likely to be accounted for by the Labour government's estimate of shortfall in spending. Under the Labour programme, the total spending figure was expected to be lower than the sum of the individual programmes. All the Tories have done is use up this shortfall. For example, they are talking of a £300 million cut in the housing programme but both the capital spending and subsidy programmes are already committed for the coming year.

The Department of Environment say that the savings will be made by cut backs in the municipalisation programme and on land acquisition. Labour had already been running them down and last year spending amounted to not much more than £260 million.

The rest of the public spending cuts are a collection of odds and ends – apparently arbitrary 'miscellaneous savings' of £5 million by the Post Office, £3m of savings from the British Library and other museums – and

some familiar fudged figures. For instance, £145 million is to be 'saved' by the simple expedient of delaying the payment of regional development grants for four months.

A further £1,000 million worth of cuts are coming from asset sales – most notably shares in B.P. This is a policy started by the Labour government but it still looks like a mistake on financial grounds alone. In the long term the government is better off borrowing money at a fixed interest rate, which it repays in depreciated pounds in twenty years time, than selling an appreciating asset – especially as in this case, B.P.'s oil reserves seem to be substantially undervalued.

The remaining £1,000 million of spending cuts are expected to come from the strict application of cash limits. Labour's own public spending white paper in January made it clear that cash limits would ensure cuts in services; this will make those cuts deeper.

The pure, pure faith of monetarism

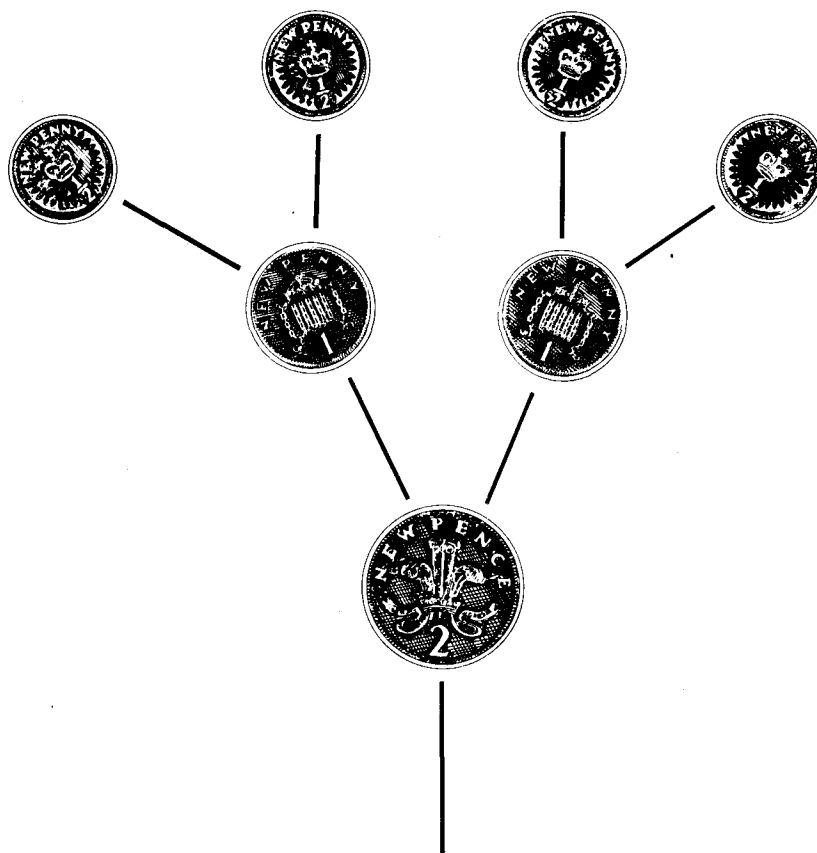
THE OTHER MYTH on which the budget is based is the monetarist one: the belief that inflation can only be curbed by reducing the money supply and that government expansion only affects inflation and not output. The government's own forecasters have been unable to produce a forecast which supports this view of the way the economy works but Sir Geoffrey has brushed this aside saying that only on a 'narrow' view could an economic slowdown be blamed on his budget. But, if he succeeds in cutting public spending this year – which, fortunately, he may find rather more difficult than he thinks – he can certainly be blamed for the increase in unemployment and the cuts in wages.

Awful as all this is, there was a real prospect that it would not be enough for the City, on whom the government rely for their borrowing. The monetarist hawks in banks and offices of stockbrokers, pension funds and insurance companies want big cuts in the public sector and the growth in the money supply. They might have seen through the fudging used to make the Howe monetary targets look tougher than they really are. To forestall trouble, the Tories have jacked up interest rates and controlled bank lending, producing a credit squeeze which will further damage the prospects for growth.

The rise in mortgage rates this is apt to cause would only fuel inflation further.

It is hard to believe that all this is designed to 'wring inflation out of the system'. The only way this could possibly work – a doubtful way at that – is by throwing thousands of people out of work, a development not in itself likely to have much impact on wages and prices. The chances are that Sir Geoffrey's budget hopes will look even more bizarre than they do in 1979.

Analysis by Christopher Hird and Caroline Atkinson, with information from Frank Field.



Chain reaction.

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as the 'multiplier effect', because the total economic activity stimulated is worth far more than the original outlay.

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Jeremy Bray MP: calculating a brighter future

AFTER SIR GEOFFREY HOWE gave his answers to his sums in the Budget, I went back to his own Treasury model to see whether, with the new figures published and the new information he had to offer, better answers were not available. Some results appear in the table.

The Chancellor's strategy centres on money supply – cash and bank deposits. Its increase is limited by reducing public-sector borrowing. Reducing taxation meant reducing public spending still more: unemployment does not figure; sterling and the balance of payments are left to look after themselves.

Sir Geoffrey slightly reduces Mr Healey's money supply and public borrowing requirements. But with domestic and foreign inflation exceeding expectation, and further inflation caused by indirect tax increases, that amounts to a much tighter squeeze than first intended. Hence the two per cent increase in minimum lending-rate. Even the Tory press advocated some relaxation of the targets, but without avail.

He hopes that income-tax cuts and reduced inflationary expectations (from tight monetary policy) will increase incentives and recharge industry, producing expansion and new employment. But the table shows that to lie beyond the 1981 horizon: its achievement is a matter of political faith.

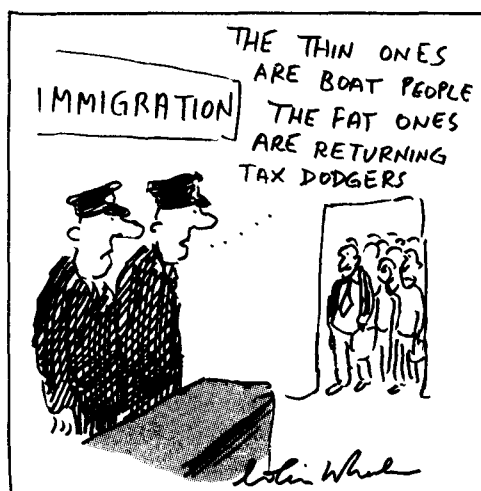
When I drafted the Industry Act 1975 schedule which requires the Treasury to publish forecasts and give access to its model, I meant the published forecast to be closely related to the model so that it would be easy to understand, and vary, the assumptions. No Budget is made on a single set of assumptions: from the interaction between uncomprehending Treasury ministers and evasive Treasury officials the practice has developed of publishing a Budget forecast on untraceable assumptions. The only possible interpretation is that it is the one most favourable to Treasury policies, in the sense of being the one least likely to provoke opposition.

So the table goes back to the model and produces a forecast on the basis of current data and Budget plans, comparing it as far as possible with the Budget Report forecast (A).

HOWE'S BUDGET is for an economy threatened with inflation, and enjoying the North Sea payments' windfall. The likelihood is that the North Sea will improve current balance of payments, and induce the expectations required for a capital inflow. This will force the exchange rate up: exports will lose competitiveness, manufacturing will lose export orders, and unemployment will rise. This is happening now.

Whatever happens to wages under the Tory strategy (and a wage freeze looks plausible) the economy is likely to stagnate, and unemployment to rise still further. Profits, the balance of payments, the pound and the City will flourish.

The strategy does not permit direct action on reflation of any sector of demand in the domestic economy – nor, through the



exchange rate, on imports. But the best empirical evidence of the Treasury's own model suggests this is a self-imposed restriction.

Various schools of monetarists argue that exchange-rate changes feed through quickly into domestic costs, so devaluation has little lasting effect. But in all the work done for and on the Treasury model there is still a substantial devaluation effect on the balance of payments, which scarcely begins to fade away after six years. It allows time for long-term structural change to have some effect on the performance of the economy. A competitive exchange rate offers the possibility of a period of considerable growth, during which a determined government with popular support could make structural changes.

To exert any sustained pressure on the exchange rate, it is necessary to act on the underlying situation and strategy itself. It is reasonable to let wages follow a course related to the increase in retail-price index, the ration of take-home pay to earnings, and the level and rate of unemployment, with a real wage increase of 3 per cent yearly when unemployment is 3 per cent. This is an available option on the Treasury model.

The effect of such a formula on the result of a 10 per cent devaluation – by comparison with the assumption of fixed earnings – is principally to shift income from companies to

persons, and hence by fiscal drag to central government (despite indexing of allowances). So there is no strain on the PSBR, or on monetary policy. A consequence is a higher inflation-rate, with real personal disposable income increases no greater.

SO WE CONSIDER not a dip in the exchange rate, but the rate remaining 10 per cent lower than it otherwise would. With a floating, or even a managed rate, this cannot be secured on its own: fiscal or monetary policy must change.

Accordingly, we consider increases of £2.2 billion yearly in public-authorities current spending in 1980 (second quarter) and 1981. This approximately restores the cuts the government is making in public spending. Alternatively, it can be seen as representing the cost of structural change in retraining programmes, public sector employment, or a shorter working year – in whatever combinations are needed. (Private spending would only suck in imports and leave the economy unchanged.)

The switch from income tax to VAT is halved, with £2,000 million pa transferred back from VAT to income tax.

The table shows the independent post-budget forecast, (B) using the Treasury model, differing substantially from the Budget report forecast (A), but well within the expected error margins. As a result of the Budget, unemployment, omitted from the budget report forecast, is shown as rising by 200,000 each year, with profits increasing by over 30 per cent pa from the £13 billion level in 1978-9.

Our alternative in forecast (C) shows growth about 2 per cent pa faster, a substantial cut in unemployment, an improved balance of payments, and plenty of room, in increased company profits to permit a transfer of tax from persons to companies, in order to achieve a greater growth of real personal disposable income.

Because of the Treasury model's treatment of tax changes, our alternative is given less credit than it should get for reducing inflation through lower VAT. Even for monetarists, there is a negligible effect on the PSBR, causing no strains on monetary policy.

THE ECONOMIC ALTERNATIVES TO BRUTALITY

	GDP	Retail price index	Real personal disposable income	Company profits before tax	Public sector borrowing requirement	Current balance of payments	Unemployment
	% pa	% pa	% pa	£m pa	£m pa	£m pa	000s
A: BUDGET REPORT FORECAST							
1980(1)*	-1.0	16	—	—	8,250	0	—
B: INDEPENDENT POST-BUDGET FORECAST WITH TREASURY MODEL							
1980(1)	1.3	14.3	2.7	18,300	8,100	-50	1,500
1981(1)	2.2	9.5	2.1	24,000	9,900	60	1,700
C: CHANGING forecast B with: a) devaluation by 10% from July 1979; b) increase in public authorities' current expenditure on £2,200m pa from 1980 (2nd quarter) and 1981 (2nd quarter); and c) £2,000m transferred back from VAT to income tax from 1979 (3rd quarter) produces the following results with the Treasury model							
1980(1)	2.8	17.6	1.4	21,100	7,700	600	1,260
1981(1)	4.5	12.3	4.2	27,300	10,200	1,800	1,050
D: DIFFERENCES between C and B are:							
1980(1)	1.5	3.3	-1.3	2,800	-400	650	-240
1981(1)	2.3	2.8	2.1	3,300	+300	1,860	-650
* refers to first six months							

GRANADA TELEVISION THE STATE OF THE NATION

David Digger is a journalist. One morning he receives a package in the mail containing a sheaf of documents. They concern Lord Runnymede, a former foreign secretary, who was one of the most influential ministers in the cabinet. The papers may be fakes. But if they are genuine they establish that Runnymede's financial affairs are in chaos and he is involved in at least one transaction that might be considered fraudulent. They also show that in spite of his reputation as a man of irreproachable character, marital fidelity was not amongst his strong points. What is more, certain medical evidence amongst the documents indicates that he may well have been suffering from a potentially disabling mental illness whilst in office.

What does David Digger do?

What does his Editor do?

What do the Lawyers advise?

What finally gets through to the public?

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The 'Madman Theory' of politics

FEW MODERN STATESMEN have achieved the worldly success of Dr Henry Kissinger. First as Nixon's National Security Adviser, then as his Secretary of State, Kissinger – shuttling between crises, conjuring solutions where others found deadlock – became a media superstar. ('Power', he said, 'is an aphrodisiac'.) His reputation, and the glamour of his Nobel Peace Prize, survived Nixon's ruin, and Kissinger appears as one of the West's prime oracles, expounding to reverent interviewers his thesis that diplomacy flourishes through secrecy, ruthlessness and the subordination of means to ends. The chorus of his admirers, nowhere more influential than in Britain, drowns the voices pointing out that Kissinger's 'solutions' – in Cyprus, Southern Africa, the Middle East, Indo-China – have disintegrated, often bloodily, as rapidly as they were assembled.

Now a young English reporter, William Shawcross, has tackled the Kissinger legend head-on, in a remarkable book called *Sideshow*, which has produced a nation-wide impact in America*. Using records unearthed by the Freedom of Information Act, Shawcross anatomises the policy which Kissinger and his master Nixon imposed on Cambodia – 'sideshow' was their own contemptuous label for the nation which they visited with the most destructive bombardment in the history of aerial warfare. Having built their policy upon the fantasy that a mortal blow might be dealt to Vietnam by attacking Cambodia, Nixon and Kissinger usurped to themselves the war-making powers which the US Constitution reserves to Congress – thus covertly extending a war which they claimed in public to be ending. To keep their gigantic bombing campaign secret, they so far sub-



Camera Press

verted the command-structure of the USAF that (in one officer's words) anyone who 'could have punched the right button into the right spot . . . could have had us bombing China'. Overall, Shawcross depicts the world's most powerful democracy in the temporary grip of men to whom neither legal nor moral restraints were meaningful, and shows how the consuming scandal of Watergate grew from the Cambodian 'sideshow': Cambodia, he says, 'was not a mistake; it was a crime.'

America's society, of course, recovered. Cambodia's did not. Shawcross shows how Nixon and Kissinger's violation of Cambodian neutrality produced the nightmare conditions for the emergence of the Khmer Rouge. *Sideshow* is a long, heavily-documented book – in the judgement of General James M. Gavin it is 'the first truly significant book about our Vietnam involvement' – and almost impossible to serialise in the conventional manner. Here, in the first of three articles based on Shawcross's work, the NEW STATESMAN gives an outline of his findings.

AT THE BEGINNING of the seventies, Cambodia under Prince Sihanouk was a relatively peaceful part of a troubled world. 'Relatively' is the important term: Shawcross does not idealise the society which has been destroyed. It was not a democracy: Sihanouk presided feudally over Cambodia from 1941 to 1970, as King, Chief of State, Prince, Prime Minister, head of the main political movement, jazz-band leader, magazine editor, film director and gambling concessionaire, attempting to unite in his his rule the unfamiliar concepts of Buddhism, socialism and democracy. He would not tolerate criticism or dissent, and he treated his aides as flunkies. His speech was high-pitched and idiosyncratic, and his statements were frequently ambiguous.

At the same time he had enormous political skill, charm, tenacity and intelligence. He exploited all these qualities in the interests of one overriding cause – the preservation of Cambodia's peace and its independence from further encroachments by its neighbours. Cambodia is roughly the size of England and Wales, and in Sihanouk's time it supported its five million people in, by Asian standards, abundance. But one of the prince's qualities was to be aware of the fragility of Cambodia's poise. The visitor's impression, true as far as it went, was of fecundity and greenness, of chocolate-brown waterways and buffalo steaming gently in the heat, with small boys or large white birds perched on their backs. But in its raw state, the area is hostile: unless the intricate irrigation works are preserved, seasonally-receding waters leave stagnant

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SIDESHOW – Part 1

**Sideshow: Nixon, Kissinger and the Destruction of Cambodia* will be published in Britain this month by André Deutsch. William Shawcross reported from Indo-China and Washington, during the Nixon years, for the *Sunday Times* and the NEW STATESMAN. He has written biographies of Alexander Dubcek and Janos Kadar.

swamps as well as fertilised soil, and no adequate crop can be produced for the population. Just as the balance of land and water is delicate Cambodia's national existence depends on preserving a space between the ambitions of the greater nations of South-East Asia, especially the Vietnamese and the Thais. And always, under the surface, lay the fierce traditions of the Cambodians' own history, going back to the brilliant but violent civilisation of Angkor.

Sihanouk, having won independence from the French, was determined to maintain a policy of 'extreme neutrality', exploiting in the name of Cambodian survival the ambitions and the weaknesses of his more powerful neighbours, and of their still more powerful Soviet, Chinese and American backers. The ambition displeased Richard Nixon as early as 1953, when he visited Indo-China as Vice-President. In 1959, a Pentagon report entitled *Psychological Operations: Cambodia* deplored the condition of the Cambodian people. They could not be easily panicked, their horizons were limited to village, pagoda and forest, they respected their government,

they knew of no other countries, they feared ghosts and, in short

they cannot be counted on to act in any positive way for the benefit of US aims and policies.

AMERICAN IMPATIENCE with Sihanouk grew throughout the sixties, as America became more deeply embroiled in the Vietnam war. The North Vietnamese made use of Cambodia's eastern territories to send supplies to the battle in South Vietnam, and they made for themselves 'sanctuaries' inside the Cambodian border, into which they could flee from American firepower. Sihanouk had neither the means, nor in reality the desire, to prevent these incursions, and he chose to turn a blind eye to them. Gradually, American military commanders persuaded themselves that there must be a great Vietnamese headquarters – 'COSVN' – just across the border in Cambodia, and if only they could unleash their power against it, their difficulties would be over.

But under Lyndon Johnson, even after the dreadful provocation of the 1968 Tet offensive, the matter did not go beyond impatience. Chester Bowles, US Ambassador to India, had certainly told Sihanouk that he must expect occasional American attacks upon Vietnamese troops in Cambodia. But the war was not to be widened through any systematic assault on Cambodian neutrality.

Then, on February 9, 1969, just one month after Richard Nixon's inauguration, General Creighton Abrams cabled to Washington from Vietnam that 'recent information, developed from photo reconnaissance . . .

gives us hard intelligence on COSVN HQ facilities in Base Area 353', an area of 'thick canopy jungle' straddling the border north of Tay Ninh City. He requested permission to attack it, and in Washington the request was passed to Henry Kissinger, the new President's newly-appointed National Security Adviser.

SHAWCROSS REMINDS us that in those days Kissinger's one-time academic colleagues from Harvard were still slightly surprised that he had made it to the White House. He had, after all, publicly stated that Nixon was 'unfit to be president'. However, *Sideshow* also reminds us, with evidence drawn from a rather later period, that Kissinger's attitudes to the great have always been flexible. In March 1976 the retired Nixon wrote a report for President Ford on a trip he made to China, and a tape exists of Kissinger discussing it with his old boss. 'Mr President', said Kissinger, 'I wanted you to know I have read the report and find it very fascinating... I thought you were very, very clever.'

Nixon recounted what he had told the Chinese about Taiwan.

'I thought you were very, very good on this', Kissinger replied. And when Nixon mentioned discussions on SALT, Kissinger said: 'I thought that was very clever.'

Loyalty to an old boss fallen on hard times? Shortly afterwards, the same leaked tape records Kissinger talking to Nelson Rockefeller: '... I have read the Nixon report on his trip now. He is such an egomaniac. All he wrote was -'

'- his memoirs', interjected Rockefeller.

'Just what he said. Nothing what the Chinese said... A fascinating account of himself.'

'I love it...' responded Rockefeller, the new Vice-President - Kissinger's new boss.

The incident illustrates Shawcross' contention that Kissinger rose in large part through a capacity to feed Richard Nixon's almost insatiable desire for flattery - though he relieved his feelings in private by describing Nixon as a 'meatball mind'.

Kissinger appreciated that Nixon enjoyed foreign affairs: unlike domestic policy, which involved difficult decision-making and regular frustration of the Presidential will, it manifested itself as rambling chat sessions, in which the intellectual Kissinger deferred to every Nixon apothegm. And Kissinger's most considerable bureaucratic achievement was to modify Washington's decision-making structure so that in foreign policy the President's fiat could go virtually unchecked.

This was done by making the National Security Council (NSC), run by Kissinger himself, the sole channel by which policy-studies could be sent up to the President, and the sole channel by which decisions could be filtered down. Shawcross quotes an aide to whom Kissinger showed the complex paperwork of this system just before Nixon approved it: 'Whatever happened to the Secretary of State?'

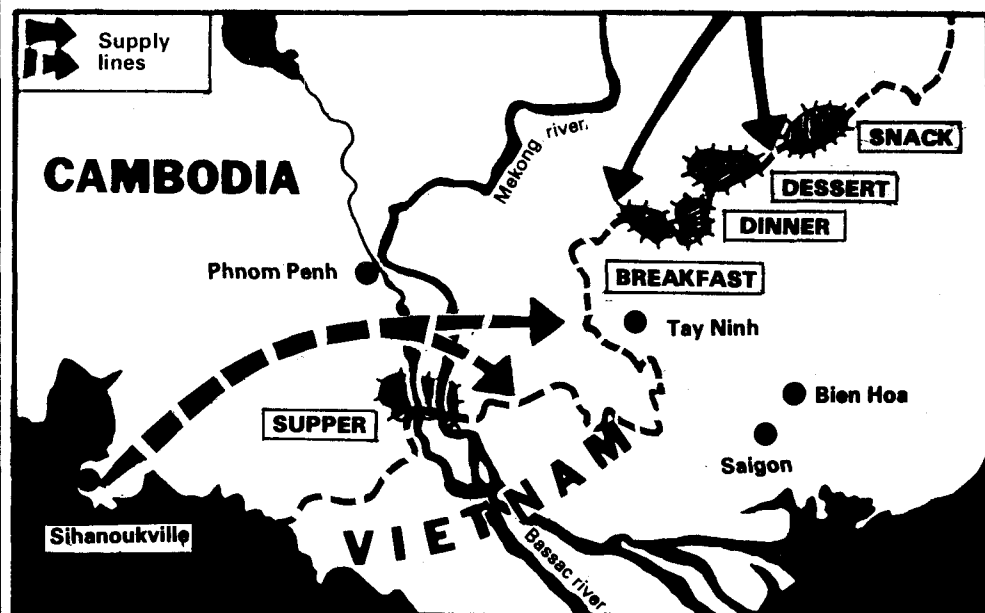
The answer, of course, was that the post became unimportant until Kissinger subsumed it to himself. Equally, the scheme cut out the Secretary of Defence and many other checks and balances.

So Kissinger's deference to Presidential authority was combined with an immense appetite for power of his own: it was also combined with a radically pessimistic, Manichean view of the world, in which initiative

New Statesman 15 June 1979



Sihanouk's central aim was to preserve Cambodia's fragile neutrality



Communist supply routes ran through Cambodia from the north (The Ho Chi Minh Trail) and from the west (the port of Sihanoukville). Shaded areas show five of the secret American bombing targets under their code-names. LUNCH, the sixth, was some 500 miles north on the Laotian border.

and energy was all on the side of the Soviets, because of their 'greater moral toughness... greater readiness to run risks both physical and moral.' The Russians were 'iron-nerved', they analysed events with a ruthless objectivity, they conceptualised the world more subtly than Western politicians. American methods of policy-making were inadequate to confront them, for all the military forces America might possess.

The problem lay in the fact that there were restraints on the use of all this seemingly endless force, a frustration expressed under the Johnson administration by another academic-turned-statesman, Walt Rostow: 'We are the greatest power in the world - if we behave like it'. To Nixon and Kissinger 'behaving like it' meant disposing of restraint: in the President's words 'the real possibility of irrational US action is essential to the US/Soviet relationship'. Threat, he told H.R. ('Bob') Haldeman, was the key:

... I call it the Madman Theory, Bob. I want the North Vietnamese to believe I've reached the point where I might do *anything* to stop the war. We'll just slip the word to them that 'for God's sake, you know, Nixon is obsessed about Communism. We can't restrain him when he's angry - and he has his hand on the nuclear button' - and Ho Chi Minh himself will be in Paris in two days begging for peace.

A problem with this theory, Shawcross observes, is that reputations for irrationality have to be established, and this can only be done by irrational actions. Unluckily for Cambodia, General Abrams' bombing proposal provided an excellent opportunity to put the Madman Theory into practice.

AMERICAN COMMANDERS had proposed the bombing of the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong 'sanctuaries' when they first began to grow up inside Cambodia. But the Pentagon under Lyndon Johnson replied that 'in the light of the prevailing political and diplomatic environment, the President did not approve the operation for execution...'. Johnson thought any military advantage would be irrelevant beside the domestic upheaval it would cause. He had, of course, obtained his own authority for military operations in Indo-China by presenting Congress with some rather dubious assertions about North Vietnamese aggression (the 'Tonkin Gulf' incident). But the idea of undertaking an act of war against a neutral country in total secrecy - as Nixon and Kissinger were to do - did not occur to him.

Some of Shawcross' most striking passages concern this weird military adventure. The aircraft used, eight-engined B-52s carrying 30 tons of bombs apiece, were for the most part



Lon Nol: the mystic anti-communist

based at Guam, from which they regularly flew 'Arclight' strikes against targets in Vietnam. Attacking at night, without opposition, they bombed 'blind' on co-ordinates provided by ground radar controllers, who counted down each bombardier to the target with the words 'Five - four - three - two - one - *hack!*'

On March 17, 1969, after General Abrams had received from Washington the message EXECUTE OPERATION BREAKFAST, the pilots and navigators of a proportion of the crews about to take off from Guam were taken aside and warned that over Vietnam they would be diverted by special and unfamiliar co-ordinates. These they were not to discuss with anyone else.

As night fell over Indo-China, day was beginning in Washington. In his basement office in the White House, Kissinger was talking with Morton Halperin, a young political scientist who had helped him devise the National Security Council scheme. Colonel Alexander Haig (1) entered, and handed Kissinger a paper. Kissinger smiled, turned to Halperin and said that the US had bombed a base in Cambodia and the first bomb-damaged assessment showed that the attack had set off many secondary explosions. Halperin, who knew nothing of BREAKFAST or of the scale of the whole MENU campaign which was beginning that day, replied non-committally. Scarcely anyone knew about the attack, said Kissinger. No-one else must know.

It was, of course, fantastical to suppose that even in rural Asia physical destruction on the Arclight scale could be accomplished in secrecy - and by the forces of a democratic society. Shortly after the raids began, the pilot of a Forward Air Control (FAC) plane was sitting out in the evening near An Loc, a few miles from the Cambodian border. 'We saw beacons going overhead to the West', said Captain Gerald Greven later. 'We saw the flames in the distance and the trembling of the ground from what appeared to be B-52 strikes'. He was surprised because he knew no targets in that area. Next day, he flew to find the craters, and 'to my astonishment they were on the West side of the river separating the borders of South Vietnam and Cambodia'. Impressed by the scale of destruction, Greven inquired with Air Support headquarters, and was told 'with a slight smile, that obviously my "maps were in error"'. (Eventually Greven decided to inform Congress of his observations.)

AFTER SECRECY was blown, Nixon and Kissinger claimed that the areas bombed were not known to have any population except Vietnamese troops. Shawcross proves the untruth of this by citing a memorandum from the Joint Chiefs of Staff (2) in which all the MENU areas were described.

BREAKFAST itself contained 13 villages within its 25 square kilometres, and had an estimated population of 1,640 Cambodians. LUNCH, in wild country near the Laotian border, contained perhaps 198 Cambodians. SNACK, contained one village and about 383 Cambodians; DINNER, 770; and DESSERT, 120. The Joint Chiefs claimed that Cambodian casualties would be 'minimal', but acknowledged that such calculations were 'tenuous at best' and that 'some Cambodian casualties would be sustained' - all the more so because of the effect of surprise, and the absence of Vietnamese-style shelters among a population with no experience of being bombed.

The Chiefs deployed some scruples; base areas 704, 354 and 707, which had 'sizeable concentrations of Cambodian civilian or military population' ('sizeable' presumably being more than BREAKFAST's 1,600) were not recommended for attack. Such hesitancy was not shared in the White House, which listed Area 704 as SUPPER, and ordered in all 247 bombing missions against it.

The Secretary of the Air Force was not informed of the raids, nor was the Chief of

'He had to call a Saigon number and say: The ball game is over'

Staff of the Air Force, nor the Cambodian desk officers on Creighton Abrams' intelligence staff, nor the Office of Strategic Research and Analysis. No Congressional Committees were informed that the President was carrying war into a third country whose borders he had promised publicly to respect (although some sympathetic Congressmen were privately informed). An elaborate system of 'dual reporting' was required to maintain this secrecy.

Both ground radar controllers in Vietnam, and B-52 aircrew operating from Guam, Okinawa or Thailand had to fill in poststrike reports for 'normal' raids against Vietnamese targets. These were filed with the American HQ in Saigon, from which they entered the Pentagon's computers as part of the official history of the war. But MENU raids followed the original BREAKFAST procedure: certain pilots and navigators, having received the general briefing for Vietnamese targets, were warned to expect new co-ordinates just before the bomb-run. (Flight time would be only marginally different.)

For much of 1969 Major Hal Knight was supervisor of the radar crews chiefly involved. Each afternoon before a MENU mission a plain manilla envelope arrived at his office on Bien Hoa airbase: inside would be a poststrike report form, with the co-ordinates already filled in. This he had to lock in his desk until giving the co-ordinates to his evening-shift radar crews, who then ran them through com-

puters to obtain the final count-down commands.

Bomb-run completed, each plane's radio operator - not briefed on the diversion - radioed his base to report mission accomplished. Base intelligence, equally ignorant, then entered the original South Vietnamese co-ordinates in the poststrike report. On landing, the crews were routinely 'debriefed' and the pilots and navigators made no reference to the in-flight diversion.

At Bien Hoa, Knight had to put into an incinerator every tape and paper used to plot the raid - waiting till daylight in case any scrap might go astray. He had then to call a Saigon number and tell the unidentified man answering the phone: 'The ball game is over'.

Normal poststrike reports were then filled in with the co-ordinates of Vietnamese cover targets, and the raid entered the records as having taken place in Vietnam. The bombing was not merely concealed: the official, *secret* records showed that it had never happened. Knight did not know who had authorised the bombing, but he realised that fraudulent reporting undermined the whole discipline of Strategic Air Command. It was Knight who remarked that anyone who knew the right numbers could have launched an attack on China. Eventually, he decided to testify to Congress.

PRESUMABLY KISSINGER and Nixon hoped that the MENU bombing would destroy 'COSVN' and bring the Vietnamese communists to their knees. It failed wholly to do so - there was, anyway, no such centralised headquarters as the Saigon command imagined - but what it did was to weaken fatally the neutralist balance which Sihanouk was anyway barely contriving to preserve. Bombing the sanctuaries must have killed many Cambodian civilians: it killed few of the seasoned Vietnamese soldiers, but it caused them to move westward, deeper into Cambodia, 'thus bringing them', as General Abrams acknowledged, 'into increasingly serious conflict with the Cambodian authorities'.

More and more reports of serious clashes between the Communists and Cambodian villagers and troops reached Phnom Penh. Sihanouk's precarious balance of right against left began to destabilise.

Kissinger and Nixon have suggested that ultra-secrecy was required because Sihanouk was party to Washington's 'two-track' policy. Shawcross acknowledges that the ambiguities of the Prince's record make it impossible to take the denials entirely at face-value: but there is corroboration for them, and none of the American evidence for complicity stands up (especially as Kissinger continued to deny the existence of MENU after Sihanouk was in exile, and required no further 'protection'). To the alternative claim that false recording was due to 'overzealous' junior officers, Shawcross quotes his own interview with General Brent Scowcroft, deputy to Kissinger at the NSC, who states that it was done on direct White House orders. The purpose, without doubt, was to conceal the extended war from the American people. And this initiated a destabilisation in Washington as well as in Phnom Penh.

For of course news of such large-scale action did get out. On 9 May 1969 William Beecher wrote in the *New York Times* that American aircraft were bombing Cambodia.



Alexander Haig: phone-tap messenger

The story received little public attention, but caused panic in Nixon's circle. Melvin Laird, the Secretary of Defence – who had only reluctantly agreed to orders which deceived most of his colleagues – was hauled off a golf-course to the telephone. Nixon and Kissinger, calling from the summer White House in Key Biscayne, were accusing him of 'leaking'. Back in Key Biscayne, Kissinger also accused his own assistant, Morton Halperin: out of this hysteria grew the 'Plumbers', whose duty was to plug all possible leaks.

What Senator Sam Ervin later called 'Gestapo mentality' was in evidence from the first. On May 10, Kissinger sent Alexander Haig over to the FBI with names of four officials whose telephones were to be tapped. Three, including Halperin, were in his own NSC office. The fourth, Colonel Robert Pursley USAF, was Melvin Laird's assistant: a brilliant officer, widely regarded as a future Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. Although he had made plain his opposition to MENU, his record suggested that he was a most unlikely security risk. But Laird relied closely on Pursley, and often called him at home for policy advice. Both men told Shawcross they believed the purpose of the taps was to help Kissinger to forestall political opposition from Laird.

IN AUGUST 1969 SIHANOUK, hard-pressed, appointed a 'Gouvernement de Sauvetage', that was far to the right of the previous 'Gouvernement de la Dernière Chance'. His new Prime Minister was the former Minister of Defence, Lon Nol, whose mystical anti-communism had not, in the past, inhibited him from making large profits out of the trade they brought through Cambodia. Now, however, he claimed that their presence in the heart of the country was becoming too much to tolerate. In *Sideshow* Shawcross attempts a fresh evaluation of the evidence for and against American complicity in the coup of March 1970 which Lon Nol successfully mounted against Sihanouk.

By 1970, the arguments of US commanders in Vietnam had once more shifted to account for failure. The success once predicted for a 'surgical' B-52 strike against 'COSVN' was forgotten; now a ground invasion of Cambodia was required. But it was impossible without a degree of acquiescence from Phnom Penh, and nobody imagined that would be forthcoming with Sihanouk in power. Subsequently, Melvin Laird's successor Elliot Richardson told a group of Congressmen in

private that but for Sihanouk's overthrow invasion could not even have been 'considered'.

Certainly Washington had advance warning of what was going on. On March 12, the CIA received a report entitled *Indications of Possible Coup in Phnom Penh*. This stated correctly that Lon Nol and Sirik Matak were scheming against Sihanouk (who was in Paris) and organising anti-Vietnamese demonstrations. According to the former CIA agent Frank Snepp, American agents deliberately 'exacerbated the crisis by throwing up false information', persuading the Queen Mother to tell Sihanouk that he did not need to return, until any return appeared to be too late. Snepp says that throughout, US agencies were in close touch with both Lon Nol and Sirik Matak.

General William Rosson, deputy to Creighton Abrams in Saigon, confirmed to Shawcross that US commanders were informed several days in advance that a coup was being planned, and that American support was solicited. Prom Thos, an opponent of Sihanouk's who became Minister of Industry under Lon Nol, said that whether Lon Nol had specific promises of US help before the coup is 'unimportant'.

We all just knew that the United States would help us; there had been many stories of CIA approaches and offers before then.

William Colby, former Director of the CIA, said he knew of no 'specific assurances', but agrees they were unnecessary, because 'the obvious conclusion (for Lon Nol) was that he would be given United States support'. And as soon as Sihanouk was deposed, American recognition was conferred on Lon Nol and his co-conspirators.

Henry Kissinger refused to answer Shawcross' questions about this, or any other aspect of the Cambodian story. The nearest he has come to discussing the coup was at lunch with a group of European journalists in January 1977, when he said that the US had not been involved in Sihanouk's overthrow, 'at least, not at the top level'. Nobody pursued the qualified denial at the time: in the light of the strange tale of the MENU deception, it may be wondered how much, if anything, it is worth.

As the bombing led to the coup, the coup led to invasion – and the spreading of destruction over the entire area of Cambodia. It was to be launched by a President who had, apparently, surrendered without reserve to the Madman Theory of politics. A good deal of his 'planning' was done in drinking sessions with the Florida real-estate dealer Bebe Rebozo. One evening when Kissinger came on to the phone with the latest progress report, the President seemed drunk. Kissinger's note-taker recorded Nixon saying: 'Wait a minute – Bebe has something to say to you.' Rebozo came on the line: 'The President wants you to know if this doesn't work, Henry, it's your ass.' 'Ain't that right, Bebe?' slurred Nixon. But Nixon was wrong again: the invasion would be another bloody failure, which Kissinger would survive triumphantly.

NEXT WEEK: The invasion, and the new aerial assault.

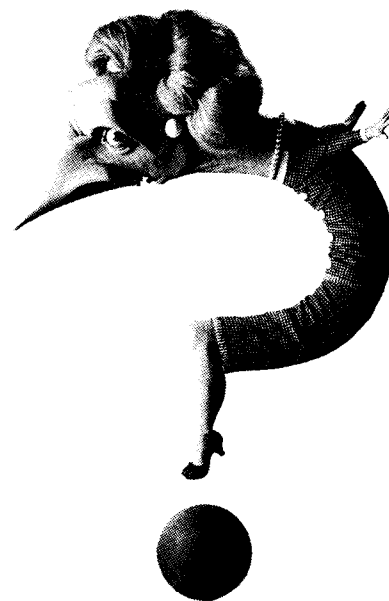
¹ Now, as General Haig, NATO's supreme Commander.

² JCSM-207-69, April 1969.

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How Marjorie Wallace 'lost' her play about thalidomide **Lone cowgirl vs the BBC**

IN NOVEMBER 1972 Marjorie Wallace was going through her list of thalidomide-damaged children: she had interviewed 100 families during the *Sunday Times* thalidomide campaign, and had just reached the Ws. She came to Wiles, Terrence. Ten years old. Dwarfed. No limbs. No left eye, defective vision in right. Adopted.

Next day she arrived at the Wiles family's cottage in Huntingdonshire, to discover a remarkable story of a family literally created by tragedy. She was so affected that, after she wrote her *Sunday Times* story, she stayed in touch with the Wileses, and with a colleague named Michael Robson she wrote a book about them. Ten months later, the BBC commissioned her to write a play about the family – who had by then become personal friends.

She had no way of knowing that the commission was to provide an exceptionally wry footnote to the whole thalidomide affair. She was about to discover, by first-hand experience, what every thalidomide family had told her: that it is an emotionally-ravaging folly for an isolated individual to take on a powerful corporate adversary.

Two months ago *On Giant's Shoulders*, starring Terry Wiles as himself, went out on BBC-2 to rapturous notices. If the drama department of the BBC had had its way, the writer who originally discovered the Wiles family, who wrote the screen play which the BBC praised, accepted and paid for – and who produced the scene-by-scene treatment upon which the transmission was largely based – would have received no credit at all. Instead, as some viewers may have noticed, there was a curious voice-over announcement at the end of the transmission, which said:

The play you have just seen contains some passages of an original screenplay by Marjorie Wallace.

This evanescent acknowledgement resulted from negotiations at a 'without prejudice' off-the-record and extremely acrimonious meeting two days before the play went out. The whole episode raises some uneasy questions about the behaviour of a quasi-monopolistic body which is the largest employer of writers in the country.

MARJORIE WALLACE'S TROUBLES began in February 1978, when roughly a year later than scheduled she submitted her

screenplay to producer Mark Shivas (*Glittering Prizes*, *Telford's Change*). After a few changes were made, the script was accepted and her fee paid, with the proviso that when a director was found more work might be required. Miss Wallace told Shivas that she was expecting a baby in late September, and any further work would have to be done before then. The director Shivas wanted was not available, and no substitute could be found until late August – three weeks before the baby was due.

The new director, Anthony Simmons, disagreed with Miss Wallace about the emphasis of the play, but after several stormy sessions agreement was reached, and Miss Wallace set to work on re-writing while Simmons went on holiday. But production dates were by now fixed, and there was no shooting script.

On 27 September Shivas wrote to Miss Wallace, offering another writer

to help you get the project done in time ... I've told him you want sole credit. Please trust me ... and start writing the scenes urgently.

The baby arrived late, on 3 October. Within hours, Miss Wallace was given an urgent message to phone Shivas. Not without difficulty, she did manage to call him 48 hours later: to be given an ultimatum. William Humble, a regular writer for the BBC, had been brought in to help complete the play on time, and he insisted on a full credit. Over the hospital pay-phone, Shivas warned that she had just 24 hours to agree to joint credit, or the entire play would be scrapped. She was told there was no time for her to consult an agent or a lawyer, nor time for her to refer back to her contract.

Miss Wallace said she would not agree to a joint credit; her behaviour was perhaps rather uncompromising, but the high-pressure tactics of the BBC seem a good deal odder. She wrote to Shivas later that she saw

... no reason why someone who is brought in at the end of a complex story that has taken me six years to research should be given a writer's credit for a few weeks work, however skilled he may be.

Before 24 hours were up, the director Anthony Simmons appeared with a proposed way out. Let's get on with the play, he said, and settle the credits later by arbitration of the Writers' Guild. It seemed a reasonable compromise, although Miss Wallace, unlike Simmons and Humble, was not then a member of

the Guild. (Simmons is on its executive council.)

LEAVING HOSPITAL on 13 October, Miss Wallace called the BBC and said she was ready to start work on any rewriting required. (She had already submitted from hospital her 40-page scene-by-scene breakdown.) But she was told that the man who had been appointed to help her preferred to work from home, and that she could make an appointment to see Simmons and Shivas.

Miss Wallace sees this as a firm attempt to keep her away from Humble. Mr Shivas denies it: 'No one stopped her finding out Humble's address.' Mr Humble's account is that he didn't want to meet because he was 'very busy writing the script. She had caused a lot of difficulty among the people she was working with.'

It was not until the shooting of the play was completed towards the end of January 1979 – with Miss Wallace largely excluded from the process – that the question of credits arose again. She received a phone call from Shivas offering the formula:

Adapted for television by Marjorie Wallace.
Screenplay by William Humble and Anthony Simmons (emphasis added).

When she agreed to arbitration, Miss Wallace had believed that the sole issue was whether she should share credit with Humble. Now the director, it was proposed, would share the main credit with Humble, and her credit would be subsidiary. Thinking she could hardly do worse at arbitration, Miss Wallace declined to accept this minor credit for a play she felt to be more hers than anyone else's. In the meantime she tried to find out what she could about the arbitration. The Writers' Guild refused to disclose who the arbitrators were to be or what rules applied or to provide her with the BBC's submissions. From her they asked only for her original scripts and a covering note.

She waited to be called as a witness. Instead on 21 February she received an eight line letter from the Guild informing her of their decision that the credit for the play *On Giant's Shoulders* should go to Humble and Simmons. They added that they would have no objection to the BBC's original credit – 'a generous one' – if neither Humble nor Simmons objected. Humble however, did object. Marjorie Wallace was to get no credit for the play at all.

'It's my play,' explains Humble. 'I didn't think the credit offered by the BBC was a fair one. It's not vindictive. It would make a laughing stock of the Guild if their judgment were not upheld.'

As Miss Wallace tried to find out about the arbitration and to interest the hierarchy of the BBC in her case, she came up against the contemptuous insouciance with which the corporation treats outsiders. By chance she had obtained a copy of the BBC's submissions to the Writers' Guild – which she had not been allowed to see before arbitration – which she held to be inaccurate and misleading. On that basis she lodged a formal appeal with the Guild against the arbitration. She received no reply. (There is in fact no appeal against a Guild arbitration.)

Marjorie Wallace

Hewitt: I'm Cynthia Hewitt. I'm from the Welfare ... just a few routine questions ... the court has to be quite sure you know.

She sits down gingerly on the edge of a chair.

Hazel: Yeah ... I suppose so.

Hewitt: Well now ... your name.

Hazel: Mrs Hazel Wiles.

Hewitt: W-I-L-E-S ... your maiden name.

Hazel: Bird ... like the custard.

Hewitt: (Smiles and rearranges the papers on her knee). And age?

Hazel: Thirty-nine.

Hewitt: Good. Now. Where were you born, Mrs Wiles.

Hazel: Leg of Mutton, Stanground Field, Peterborough.

Hewitt: Your father was a publican, then?

Hazel: No, not him. He just drank the stuff.

Humble/Simmons

Hewitt: (smiling nervously, shaking her head) Thank you; ... These questions – you see ... you appreciate – the court has to be quite sure in a matter as important as adoption. ...

Hazel: nods.

Hewitt: Quite routine ... (finding the form) Mrs Hazel Wiles ... Maiden name?

Hazel: Bird – like the custard ...

Hewitt: And age? –

Hazel: Thirty nine.

Hewitt: And your place of birth – it says on your application form –

Hazel: The Leg of Mutton, Stanground Field, Peterborough –

Hewitt: And your father was a publican, then?

Hazel: Him. No, he just drank the stuff ...

Miss Wallace, aided by the *Sunday Times*, sought legal advice. But the possibility of legal remedy had been clouded by the decision she had made – under great pressure – to agree to arbitration. And a further difficulty was that the BBC had bought the copyright of the book she had written with Michael Robson: thus, the BBC could argue that the screenplay derived from that rather than the script.

The fact is that the final play closely resembles both Miss Wallace's screenplay and the scene-by-scene breakdown she produced in hospital. Her contribution, sometimes followed word-for-word, is unmistakable (see extract). Even the five characters and four names invented by Miss Wallace for dramatic purposes (none of which appeared in the book) remain intact. The *NEW STATESMAN* asked a barrister with some experience of

writing, and of literary cases: his judgment was that Miss Wallace's contribution deserved nothing less than a full credit.

One part of the BBC apparatus appears to have admitted as much. Richard Broke, script editor, wrote to Miss Wallace to apologise for the fact that a promise to have her script typed through 'the BBC machine' could not be kept. 'Our script-typing unit is very small,' he wrote

and I can see no way of getting it typed up by them without them realising it is the same story as the other one – the final version . . . They get very bolshy about typing a script out twice, and it will seem to them to be the same script I'm sure.

HOW THE WRITERS' GUILD reached its conclusion remains a mystery. The Guild refuses to disclose either the names of arbitrators, or the basis of decisions made. The

reason according to Bruce Stewart, co-chairman of the Guild, is that an arbitrator might be a friend or colleague of one of the parties – and would be embarrassed if that fact were to become known.

The last words should come, perhaps, from Mr Shivas, who commissioned and bought the play which Miss Wallace wrote. 'We were not holding a pistol to her head. She was holding it to ours.'

Quite a picture, that. Lone cowgirl, babe in arms, holding a pistol to the corporate head of the BBC. Even if it had been loaded and had gone off, what would there have been to shoot?

The BBC's charter comes up for renewal in 1981. Before then, it would be useful to know whether the treatment given to Marjorie Wallace was exceptional, or representative.

THE PRESS Denis MacShane

Nottingham's experiment – a paper run by journalists

News in the making

IF SIR KEITH Joseph were to stumble up some stairs leading off a shabby road on the way out of Nottingham, he would find a new paper that should be dear to his heart. Called the *Nottingham News*, it provides something rare in the provincial press – professionally produced competition for the established city newspaper, in this case the *Nottingham Evening Post*. Ironically, the *Post* itself brought about its rival's birth when it sacked 28 of its staff for joining the NUJ provincial journalists' strike earlier this year – and although the sacked journalists are now busy working on the *News*, the dispute is far from over; a mass demonstration is planned in Nottingham this weekend to publicise the campaign for reinstatement.

The sacked journalists started the *News* not as a sacking paper but as a straightforward tabloid for general consumption. Their move reversed the trend of Nottingham newspaper history, which has seen the absorption of four vigorous newspapers into the flabby, self-satisfied *Nottingham Evening Post*. When Graham Greene left Oxford in 1925 he was apprenticed to the *Nottingham Journal*, and in his autobiography he recalls that

Around eight, more often than not, I fetched the chips from the fish-stall. They were wrapped up in an old copy of the *Journal*, but never in the *Nottingham Guardian*: the *Guardian* was the respectable paper.

Both papers have now disappeared. They were originally merged into the *Nottingham Guardian-Journal*; then, in revenge for a printers' strike in 1973, the owners closed it down and concentrated on the one remaining paper, the *Nottingham Evening Post*. It is a consistent pattern: since Greene's initiation as a sub-editor 39 provincial dailies have closed down.

Most of the sacked journalists were reporters inexperienced in sub-editing, layout, advertising or circulation. They have learnt quickly. Having started with street sales, the *News* is now taken by local wholesalers and sells a steady 13,000 each week. Four journalists work full-time on the advertising side, although according to editor Steve Clark there has been the occasional mishap: 'We were all cock-a-hoop at clinching our first full-page advertisement. The ad-copy and layout arrived at Nottingham station. We went along to collect it, only to be told that it had been

given to an *Evening Post* messenger by mistake. Frantic calls were made. Yes, the *Post* did collect the ad but it had mysteriously disappeared on their premises.'

The other hiccup on the way was a row over the use of nude women on page 3. What was introduced as a launching gimmick provoked a sackful of outraged letters. The *News* ran a poll on the nudes and found that the readers said No – although editor Steve Clark still mutters about reintroducing it and the reporters' room in the *News* offices is covered with unused prints of naked women. It is a worrying comment on the reaction of journalists released from the primness of provincial journalism that they should reach for the comfort of nipples when producing their own unfettered newspaper.

Officially the *News*, in common with most other provincial papers, has no formal political line. But just as the majority of papers are anti-unions and pro-Tory, so the *News* bends the other way.

The *Post* affects a haughty indifference to its rival but its advertising sales force have been called in for dressings down when they failed to pick up advertisers who prefer the *News*. The Labour movement in Nottingham, including the newly elected Labour city council, has refused to co-operate with the elderly non-NUJ journalists left on the *Post*, as has football manager Brian Clough; Nottingham must be the only city in sporting history where the local team has held the League Cup and European Cup yet the local paper has had to rely on filched sports reports from the national press and the Press Association.

THE FINANCES of the *Nottingham News* are not entirely satisfactory. The paper has an income of £2,000 a week, and costs £1,750 to print. It survives partly because the journalists' wages are paid by the NUJ – it is their entitlement under union rules following their victimisation – but clearly it is not yet an economically sound proposition. The *News* would like to become a bi-weekly or, better still, a daily, but to achieve that it will need outside capital.

For the past 20 years socialist commentators have wrung their hands on the sidelines as the *News Chronicle*, *Daily Herald*, *Reynolds News* and other papers have disappeared and the national and provincial press

has been concentrated into fewer and, without exception, politically right-wing hands. Two-thirds of all the provincial morning, evening and weekly press is now owned by just four companies – Westminster Press, Thomson Regional Newspapers, Associated Newspapers and United Newspapers. Discussion about a new Labour daily, or about the ideas of the minority report from the 1974-77 Royal Commission on the Press, have remained at the level of what-might-be rather than what-can-happen-now.

The only previous example of an attempt to publish a mainstream newspaper run by its workers – the *Scottish Daily News* – ended disastrously. The *Nottingham News* was born of similar, if smaller-scale circumstances, and without the massive capital debt of the *SDN*. Later this summer some journalists plan to launch a Saturday newspaper in London to fill the gap left by the non-publication on Saturdays of the *Evening News* and *Evening Standard*; again the venture is small in scale, depending on maximum co-operation from printworkers and closely controlled costs.

The *Nottingham News*, in its present state, does not make financial sense – although journalistically it puts its bigger rival to shame. But new openings are more likely to be developed in the area of provincial newspapers and the *Nottingham News* is a start.

NEW TECHNOLOGY AND THE CHALLENGER

The next issue of *The Times Challenger* will feature all aspects of new technology and we are inviting interested parties to support us by placing advertisements for books, booklets, leaflets, seminars, conferences etc. on this subject.

We will also cover as normal the latest situation at *Times Newspapers* as well as other related subjects.

Phone or write to Jane Sutherland or Michele Lock

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Natsopa House
Milcote Street,
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01-928 1481

London Diary

□ The rapid rediscovery of their socialist convictions by men who were until recently Labour Ministers requires the creation of certain myths. One of the most extraordinary of these, which I fancy we will be getting a lot of in the next few weeks, is that the Price Commission kept prices down.

Anyone who believes that should read the last report of the Price Commission which deals with a proposed 10 per cent price increase by the Esso Petroleum Company. Put briefly, the report's conclusions are that Esso is a dreadfully impoverished company; that it is down to its last £118m profit; that the price increase should be allowed in full and that no restriction should be imposed on any future price increase. These conclusions have nothing whatever to do with the fact that the deputy chairman of the Commission was Mr Leslie R Pincott CBE, who was managing director of Esso Petroleum from 1970 to 1978, when he left the company on good terms (to wit, £43,000).

But wait, I hear Roy Hattersley cry. The conclusions may have assisted the company, but the Price Commission provided a lot of valuable information. Here are some examples from the report:

The total oil consumed in operations at Fawley including evaporation and other losses, expressed as a percentage of refinery input, has increased from 5.9 in 1973 to 7.3 in 1976 and * in 1978.

Even more sensationally:

The ratio of losses to throughput in the refinery operation has improved over time – from 1.02 per cent in 1973 to * per cent in 1978.

As a small note in the report hints, the figures represented by the asterisks were left out after special Esso representations to the Board of Trade Secretary, John Nott. Mr Nott is a * lawyer, not to say a * banker. His commitment to open government has gone down by * per cent since May 3.

□ 7 June, 1979. Black Thursday. The day I didn't go on strike when I should have done. I go to Manchester in high spirits to record last week's *What the Papers Say*, a Granada programme with a healthy reputation for not caring about reputations. My script is about the press treatment of the DC-10 affair. It contrasts the rather nervous defence of the British airlines which fly DC-10s with more critical articles from general reporters in America.

I am especially intrigued by a remarkable article in the *Daily Mail* by the paper's air correspondent, Angus Macpherson, about a package holiday flight to and from Majorca. All the passengers he talks to on the flight are absolutely thrilled with the DC-10 and couldn't care less about the safety scare. I asked Mr Macpherson on the telephone whether he or the *Daily Mail* had paid for his flight. He says No. I then asked him what he thinks about flying to Majorca at the expense of an airline (in this case, Laker) the safety of whose planes is the subject of his inquiries. He says he can see 'nothing to be criticised in that'.

I include this conversation in the *What the Papers Say* script, only to be told on arrival at Manchester that it has to be yanked out on the

advice of Granada's libel lawyers, Goodman Derrick. I protest that the facts are admitted, that any implied comment is completely fair and in the public interest, and that the script is ruined by the cut. To no avail. The argument goes all the way up to Granada's programme controller designate, Mike Scott. Without fear or favour, he backs Goodman Derrick. My only real redress, which I funk, is to walk out and leave the viewers to a 'stand-by' programme. Shame on me. The only way to stop the onward march of the libel lawyers is to stand up to them.

□ I don't want to say a word against lawyers which might detract from the devastating blow they have struck this week for the closed shop. The Royal Commission on Legal Services was set up to see if the country's two most ruthless closed shops – of solicitors over house conveyancing and of barristers over the right to address the higher courts – could possibly be interfered with. No, they can't. After years of deliberation the Commission, under leading accountant Sir Henry Benson, has decided that the closed shop in both cases is to be more rigid. More drastic penalties are to be devised for any Tom, Dick or Harry who dares to suggest that he can read an entry in the Land Registry as scrupulously as can a qualified solicitor and (oh, vilest infamy) that he can do so for less than £100 a time.

I only hope the bold decision of Sir Henry's Commission to do nothing at all will change the mind of those barristers and solicitors who have been known to oppose the principle of the closed shop. I am thinking particularly of Mr Ian Gow, MP for Eastbourne, who is a very prosperous solicitor, but, in spite of that, tried to introduce a Bill into Parliament earlier this year to impose restrictions on the closed shop. Anyone who wants to find out if Mr Gow has changed his mind now that his own profession has its closed shop forever can write to him at 10 Downing Street, London SW1, where he has just become parliamentary private secretary to a tax barrister called Margaret Thatcher. Budget note: no one who is not a tax lawyer is allowed in No. 11 Downing Street either.

□ Friday: 8 June. Oppressed and depressed as though by an enormous host of lawyers on every side, I take a stroll down to Trust Houses Forte's luxury Grosvenor House Hotel in Park Lane for an afternoon's secondary picketing. Good humour is instantly restored by the atmosphere on the pavement. Ellen Gallagher holds court to journalists and visiting trade unionists. She comes from Jarrow, where her father and uncles were strong trade unionists in the Tyne shipyards. She has worked for the past year as a chambermaid at the Grosvenor House, and was not altogether satisfied with her basic wage which at £34 a week is rather less than it costs for one person to spend a night with breakfast at the Grosvenor House (£52.00). Is David Basnett listening, because she wasn't satisfied either with the chambermaid's union, the General and Municipal Workers' Union. 'We hardly saw an official,' she says. So she and two dozen other chambermaids joined the furniture workers' union FTATT, which had a few members among the linen porters. Ellen was the shop steward and, with the active help of union officials, she started organising.

Two weeks ago, Ellen was suspended on a minor disciplinary charge. When the other

union members met to discuss her suspension, they were told to get back to work in five minutes or be thrown out of their jobs and their rooms. They went on with the meeting, and were evicted. Mary Keating, also on the picket line, who has lived and worked in the hotel for 19 years and her sister Margaret who has been there for 15 years, were suddenly in the street with nowhere to go and nowhere to work.

Trust Houses Forte congratulated themselves on another courageous blow against trade union bullies. But they had reckoned without Tom Mackenzie and the lads from the building workers' union UCATT. They were building the stalls in the hotel for the prestigious Antiques Fair, the Mecca of antique dealers throughout the land. 'It's very simple,' says Tom, eyes twinkling. 'We don't cross picket lines.' So the work stopped and the Fair had to be shipped off to Olympia.

Everyone on the picket line thinks this is terribly sad, and spent the whole weekend weeping and moaning about the plight of Trust Houses Forte shareholders. I asked Ellen Gallagher what she thought of the Trust Houses Forte advertisement 'That Certain Smile' in which obsequious servants seem to be tremendously happy in their work. She threw back her head and laughed. 'Oh, I'd love to rewrite that,' she says. 'But you couldn't print it if I did!'

□ I know this column is influential but I didn't expect quite such prompt action as that which followed my questions about the police inquiry into the killing of Blair Peach at a demonstration in Southall during the election.

Last Wednesday, the findings of an independent pathologist into Blair Peach's injuries were publicised by the Anti-Nazi League. They showed that Blair Peach's head had been staved in by something much more solid than a police truncheon. This was promptly seized on by all the television news bulletins that evening as proof that the killers were not policemen, since police do not carry coshes. That same evening, however, the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sun* reporters discovered that the police were holding a member of the Special Patrol Group after SPG lockers had been raised and an 'instrument' found in one of them. The 'instrument' was described by Norman Lucas in the *Sunday Mirror* as a cosh. The man has now been released. Three other SPG men are, apparently, still being questioned. A deputation of SPG men has complained to Scotland Yard about this treatment.

Could it be that a power struggle is being waged inside the police force as to how next to proceed? I hope not – but I shall go on asking the questions until somebody is charged, or, better still, until the whole matter is put into the hands not of the force whose members are suspected of the killing, but of a public inquiry.

Paul Foot

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

□ Through years of Quixotic self-denial, political salaries have been depressed in real terms to the point where winning an election means a large financial sacrifice for an able man, or for that matter for an energetic bricklayer. – *Financial Times* (Mike Frowd)

Steadman's balls

Sir, The Ralph Steadman cartoon in your issue of 8 June would perhaps have been rejected by the *Sun*, the *Daily Express* or any Middle American paper for its crude sexual imagery, but hardly for its political or racial content. To see it in the NS is depressing indeed. Is it too much to hope that your paper, instead of egging on the response of ignorance and prejudice, might actually play a part in the difficult task of educating the British public about the realities of the energy crisis and of the relationship between the industrialised West and the underdeveloped Middle East?

Reserves of oil in Middle Eastern countries are finite. If they were to increase production fast enough to keep pace with Western demand at 1978 prices, most if not all of them would have run out well before the end of the century.

Few if any Middle Eastern oil-exporting countries have economies capable of absorbing very large sums of money in genuinely productive investment over a short period. Maximising output simply leads to inflation and waste on a massive scale: see Robert Graham's book on the last years of the Shah (*Iran: The Illusion of Power*, Croom Helm 1978) or any non-sycophantic account of present conditions in any of the other Gulf states.

The 'oil sheikhs' whom Steadman sees squeezing our balls are seen by many of their own people as licking our arses. This is because until now they have produced oil in the quantities we want – sometimes with the admitted motive of helping our present rulers to stay in power, as when Yamani said that the oil price must be kept down to stop Communists coming to power in France or Italy – and have either reinvested the money in the West or squandered it on purchases from the West (weapons, luxury goods, capital-intensive technology) which their countries either do not need or are not yet ready to absorb. The prices of these imports have more than kept pace with the rise in the oil price (the famous 'recycling' process) and a good deal of the money ostensibly spent on development has actually gone into the personal consumption of the highest income groups in the form of 'commissions' paid by the Western importer or contractor. A far better investment would have been to keep most of the oil in the ground.

The above is the essential reason why the Shah was overthrown, and his Arab opposite numbers know this. That is why they dare not increase production sufficiently to compensate for the Iranian shortfall and hold the price steady – especially when to do so would look like rewarding the United States for imposing a peace treaty which most Arabs see as splitting the Arab world and selling out the Palestinians.

EDWARD MORTIMER

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Palestine's lost leaders

Sir, Having recently returned from the Israeli-occupied West Bank where repression of Palestinians has reached unprecedented heights because of their bitter opposition to the so-called 'autonomy plan', I was interested in Paul Foot's reference to the expulsion of Ryad Awad as 'this new and barbaric punishment for "dissident" Palestinians' (NS 18 May).

Unfortunately, however, this practice is not new as it has been going on since 1967 although the Western press remains silent about it. Academics, lawyers, doctors, religious leaders – all those who are feared as potential leaders of a Palestinian entity – have been forcibly expelled without either trial or charge. These include Abdul Jawad Salah, Mayor of Al Bira, Rouhi Khatib, Mayor of Jerusalem, Rev. Ilya Khoury, Anglican Archdeacon of Ramallah, Ali Al Khatib, Editor of Jerusalem's *As-Shaab* newspaper, Dr Alfred Tabasi, Secretary of the Dental Union and a member of the Ramallah municipality, and Dr Hanna Nasir, President of Bir

New Statesman 15 June 1979

Zeit University. Dr Nasir was taken from his home at midnight on 21 November, 1974, blindfolded, handcuffed and driven for hours to Lebanese territory although he had never been brought to trial nor accused of any offence. More than 1,600 Palestinians have been deported from their homeland and are forbidden to return.

Regarding Ian Black's reference to the curfew which was recently imposed in Halhoul 'after two students were shot at for throwing stones at an Israeli car' (NS 18 May), I should like to add that the car contained armed settlers from Kiryat Arba who opened fire on the students. A soldier who was attacked shot into the crowd and Nazri Hassan al-Anani, a 24-year-old student, and Rava al-Shalada, a 16-year-old schoolgirl, were both killed.

MARION WOOLFSON

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A vindication of belief?

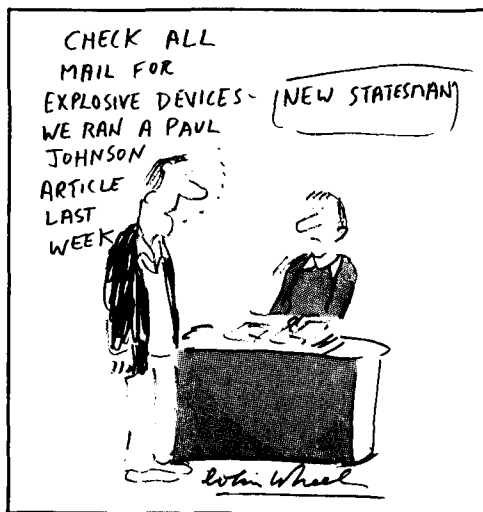
Sir, Why should it be of interest to anybody, least of all readers of the NEW STATESMAN, that Paul Johnson (NS 1 June) happens to be a passive authoritarian for whom Christianity fulfils the same need as does Thatcherism? And how could anybody take seriously his jumble of pseudo-scholarship on behalf of the Old Firm? Johnson is canny enough to make name-dropping, and argument-dropping, journalism look like tough-minded scholarship but in reality his four pages were little more thoughtful and cohesive than four columns of William Hickey. It merely reinforces my belief that poor Johnson did not really turn into Patrick Cosgrave during his male menopause; he simply regressed into an over-zealous sixth former forever chasing that elusive alpha.

JAMES RUSSELL

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Chester

Sir, Paul Johnson's four-page mountain of Christian apologetics has brought forth the mouse that 'belief in God is intuitive.' That is bad enough. But when he goes on to say that 'such intuition is the consequence of grace – grace made real, almost manifest, in the mind of man', he is simply indulging, at best, in narrow sectarianism or, at worst, in his own subjective twaddle.

Devilishly citing the scriptures for his purpose, he quotes Quine in a bid to show that there are 'changing logics'. So what? Logical thinking (all too often flawed) is surely at the heart of Johnson's own article and, insofar as the thinking of all Christian apologists is communicable, it is so by virtue of the fact that it is an attempt at reasoned thought (for which logic is only another expression). And man's mind will ineluctably continue to interpret 'God' and the 'universe' for as long as what is recognisable as the human mind continues to exist. Intelligible thinking about anything that may transpire beyond that stage comes under the category of science fiction.



It is fortunate for Paul Johnson that he does not have to put his trust in God in the same way as he tests his trust in his motor car and in the scientific principles behind it. It is all too easy to believe in God, whatever those words may mean; billions of people do it and few of them have opened as many books as Mr Johnson.

STEPHEN CORRIN

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Sir, I fail to see what claim Paul Johnson now has on the pages of the NEW STATESMAN, especially as he is somewhat lacking as a writer. Christianity has not survived in the Western world in the sense of producing an immediately influential body of opinion that knows it is wrong to napalm babies in Vietnam. In fact I feel the Reverend (sic) Billy Graham, who to my surprise preached recently at a local church, could and should stand up and claim a definite responsibility, be it 300 or 30,000 deaths, for 'moral' support of the American atrocity in Vietnam. Similarly Johnson fails to declare his interest in the Roman Catholic Church, which was one of the large landlords opposing people's interests in Vietnam; a church which with sharper political reflexes could and should have halted World War II by coercing German Catholics from 1933 onwards instead of delaying till the *Bull Im Brennen* of 1937. Everyone agrees that the Jesus of history would never have put on a soldier's uniform, and one advantage Christianity should confer is a disregard for poverty and death, but I don't for a moment believe that this is what Johnson wrote about. He is simply involved in writing himself through middle age, but I don't care to watch this unappetising process going on. Also I question whether he doesn't confuse mooching around a country estate with the life of a scholar. A scholar fink, that is.

BERNARD JONES

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Trinity Where?

Sir, I was amused by Graham Greene's letter (NS 25 May) commenting on the educational background of the old Labour cabinet. I found, however, his remark about comprehensive schools most offensive. I went to a comprehensive myself and I have, along with many of my friends, gained a place at a university. If less people get to university from comprehensives than from other schools, it is because attention and resources are also given to those who do not set their sights on university. Say what you like about the Labour cabinet, but do not criticise the comprehensive school: it is a truly great step for educational justice in our society.

Should Mr Greene wish to discuss this further, or his latest book ('The Human' something or other), he is quite welcome to join me for dinner at Trinity when I begin there next term.

PAUL DRAKE

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Eurocracy

Sir, The European Commission (NS 1 June) has provided no money to the political groups in the European Parliament for any purpose. It has no authority to do so. The European Parliament determines its own budget, including that for the political groups within it. The Parliament is, jointly with the Council of Ministers, the budgetary authority for the entire Community budget, including expenditure by the Commission. In certain circumstances the Parliament can increase the Community budget against the wishes of the Council of Ministers and recently used this power to double the 1979 Regional Fund commitments.

ROGER BROAD

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Developing nicely

One of the many hazards of my childhood and youth was that, in the giddy social whirl of Berkshire in which I then moved, invitations to this and that joyous function were accepted or refused on one's behalf by parents. One was never referred to or had one's wishes consulted in any way. This was partly because invitations, either written or engraved ones (nobody then telephoned such things), were always issued weeks in advance and when one was still away at school (and merrily ticking off another date on the 'Only 19 more days to the hols' list). And it was partly because, in the domestic atmosphere then prevailing, no boy was in a position to refuse to do what a parent dictated and the world, who dares say otherwise, was a better and safer place. Bidden to some frightful fancy dress affair (hampers of suitable clothes from the superb theatrical costumier, Clarkson of Wardour Street, whizzed about the country throughout December; the Great Western, and other railways delivering them on the dot and looking pleased to do so), one might whine and whimper and moan and complain and, of course, sulk, but one jolly well had to go in the end ('You'll enjoy it when you get there, dear.') Rigged up as a very grumpy Pierrot, one set off on the tick of 7 p.m., parental reminders as to polite conduct ringing in one's ears.

And thus it was that the Christmas holidays were composed of sharply contrasting sunshine and shadow. One week, a visit to a matinee of tuneful *Sunny* (lissom Jack Buchanan winning all hearts at the Hippodrome) was followed next day by the really deep horror of the Harrisons' dance to which I was despatched, encased and looking totally idiotic in a mini-dinner-jacket complete with a boiled shirt that bent and cracked alarmingly and was topped by a black bow tie lovingly tied for me by another (to this day I am not too good at it). On arrival at the dance's venue, outdoor shoes were exchanged for the shiny dancing pumps that I had been clutching in a shoe-bag on the journey and I moved smoothly out onto the floor, every half inch the sophisticated man-of-the-world and partnering some diminutive girl in a lively fox-trot ('I say, what a topping band!'). In due course, and remembering home instructions, I approached my hostess, a resplendent figure in royal blue silk who seemed to be about 84 but was, I suppose, merely a good old 41 or so, and invited her to join me in the heady gyrations of a waltz. She graciously accepted and, placing my right arm round her and clutching her firmly, I passed, though at the time unknowingly, one of Life's many milestones, namely one's first contact with whalebones and corsetry and underwear in general. Mrs Harrison seemed to be armoured-plated round the middle in the finest traditions of the British Navy and her performance in the waltz ('Do you reverse, Mrs Harrison?') lacked everything that could remotely be called abandon.

Those of us who, and for years now, have been eagerly scanning publishers' list for a History of Corsets, will find our expectant hopes at last fulfilled with *From Whalebone to See-Through*, a title which will set the pulses

racing of every red-blooded, in the non-political sense, male in the country. The author, Michael Colmer, and Messrs Cassell, supply this fully illustrated treat at a modest £3.95 and in what I suppose we must unsuitably call limp-back, though Dame Edna would certainly have an improving word to say about the adjective. Some indeed may find the happy snaps that close the book almost too *troublant* for comfort and in this case I recommend that they either leap at once into a cold tub (A.1. for discouraging Nature's pranks) or turn back to the earlier pages where all is sobriety and where the reproduction of the advertisement for Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets (Every Pair Guaranteed) fashioned from 'coated flat spring steel' speaks for itself and will instantly restore decorum and pure thoughts. Whatever adjective is the converse of *troublant*, Warner's Rust-Proof is it.

Mr Colmer's text starts strongly with the information, acquired we know not whence, that 'it's been five thousand years since woman first pulled knickers over her thighs', while the first corsets had to wait another thousand years and the brassiere didn't turn up until 1000 B.C. Not only did the Greeks have a word for it, the Romans had one too and it was 'strophium'. How short-sighted and stuffy of those who used to set the dreaded Latin paper for the old School Certificate not to have made imaginative use of it ('Caesar's

Roger Woddiss

Force of argument

The BBC has agreed to submit details of programmes to the Metropolitan Police when these cover 'delicate' police areas.

This is the bold Corporation,
Voice of the more-or-less free,
Where producers talk to head people,
And the heads to Sir David McNee.

Five years ahead lies the vision,
Big Brother watching the slave.
'Only the Thought Police mattered' –
But Orwell is dead in his grave.

Delicate subjects are dicey,
Not, heaven help us, taboo;
It's just that one has to be servile
When putting an opposite view.

The problem in making a programme –
Or one that is going to be seen –
Is licking the hand on your shoulder,
While keeping one eye on the screen.

In totalitarian countries,
Where banning's the name of the game,
The ground-rules are totally different –
Well, anyway, not quite the same.

The price that we pay for our freedom
Is not being quick on the draw,
But being eternally watchful
(And especially watching the law).

wife has foolishly left her brassiere in the forum'). And so on down the years to the present exciting position in the undergarment world and where Mr Colmer's delicate literary style comes fully into its own. 'Even today, at the dawn of the 1980s,' he writes, 'mere man will make his seasonal pilgrimage to the sanctum of the store's lingerie floor in search of that little black frothy something and display his dutiful naïvete as to the size of his lover's waist or bust.' Tasteful prose, as you observe, and we are in safe hands. And can therefore read happily on.

Speaking of busts, as speak sooner or later we must, how about a jumbo jar of Sears & Roebuck's Bust Cream ('unrivalled', it claims)? This deliciously perfumed unguent provided 'fine nourishment for bust glands' and was all the rage in 1908 (you may still be able to run it to earth somewhere), together with something that in the illustration looks like one of those rubber 'plunger' suction cups that are used for unstopping clogged drains but which in this case turns out to be The Princess Bust Developer. This contraption, a pinch alarming at first sight, guarantees 'a symmetrically rounded bosom, full and perfect' and operates, I suppose, in the same way as the drain plunger and those children's indoor rubber-tipped projectiles which, when fired, affix themselves to the wall (push them on and pull them off with a loudish sort of 'plop').

Busily digging and delving, Mr Colmer comes up with a whole chestful, if you'll forgive me, of thrilling facts. There was a Dr Willicks who loudly condemned 'the abominable invention of calico drawers for girls, which produce disorders in abundance', though we are left to guess at what these might be — chaps, possibly. The newly discovered electricity excited the Victorians tremendously and in a trice a Dr Scott put on the market his lethal-sounding Electric Corset, together with an electrical 'virility belt' for gentlemen to wear in and around the groin. The fashionable wasp waist sparked off new inventions in all directions. A physical education instructor produced the Tru-Balance Corset ('It lifts the abdomen') and a civil engineer, tired of his wife's naggings, designed the celebrated Warner's Sta-Up-Top Corset, complete with elasticated waistband. Then there were the Nu-Back and the Mardi-Bra (get it?), both merrily described by our author as being part of the Battle of the Bulge Patent War.

And on into the modern and mainly see-through world with ladies in relaxez-vous positions all over everywhere, either telephoning rather unconvincingly ('Is that Harrods?') or playing cards (one of them is to be seen actually biting, though in a reflective manner, the ace of hearts, a tiresome little habit that would go down very badly in our Appleton bridge circle) or looking thoughtfully out of an uncurtained window so that one can almost hear the wolf-calls. There is, I regret to say but facts must be faced, an illustration from 'the famous 1973 Pirelli promotional calendar'. I did not see the original, and I understand that Pirelli makes tyres for motor-cars, but here we take a peep at a lady in extremely high-heeled boots who has had a terrific bit of bad luck — her brassiere, which they promised to have ready for her, has not come back from the laundry yet and she is sportingly making do without.

SUMMER BOOKS

John Willett

'Honoured Murderer': Brecht's Stalin Poems

It was Ruth Fischer, quondam joint chairperson of the German Communist Party, who in 1948 dismissed Brecht as a 'minstrel of the GPU'; and from then on it became common to regard him as just about the most Stalinist poet outside Russia. His particular sin in that lady's eyes had been the writing of the 'Lehrstück' or didactic play often known as *The Measures Taken*: a powerful cantata-like work expounding the need not merely for ruthless disciplinary measures in extreme situations but also for their voluntary acceptance by the victims, up to and including death. Based partly on a Japanese Noh drama, this 90-minute piece for chorus, orchestra and four actors had been devised in 1930 with one of Mrs Fischer's brothers, the composer Hanns Eisler, and based on the experience of the other. For Gerhart Eisler, once a courageous Austrian officer, had been sent as a Comintern agent to China after the failure of the revolutionary movement there some three years earlier.

At the end of the second world war the three Eislers and Brecht were refugees in the United States. During 1947 all four appeared before the House Un-American Activities Committee, where Ruth denounced Gerhart as a terrorist and member of the Russian secret police, and accused Hanns of trying to assassinate her. Assumed to be a major figure in Russian espionage and subversion in the United States, Gerhart was prosecuted on various lesser charges and eventually got away on the Polish liner *Batory*. Hanns was taxed with his work for the Moscow-based International Music Bureau and deported. Brecht, too, was interrogated about *The Measures Taken* and his relations with the Eislers, and left for Switzerland the next day. Ever since, his text for that work has been interpreted, in isolation from its music, as bearing on the Moscow purge trials of the mid-1930s. That is, as a kind of communist Passion, anticipating and trying to justify Stalin's way of dealing with political deviants, which it unintentionally exposed.

Throughout the Cold War, then, the orthodox Western view of Brecht was of a would-be consequential Stalinist who shirked complete commitment to the USSR (viz. his Austrian passport and West German publisher) and was liable to find his poetic instincts dragging him off the prescribed track. In areas like the back pages of *Encounter* he became a more popular target for ideological sniping than poets like Aragon who had openly praised Stalin and the GPU, supported the official Socialist Realist aesthetic and been prominent Communist Party members. Perhaps one reason for this special treatment was his voluntary settlement in East Germany, a country regarded, then and now, as particularly obnoxious by the cold warriors. Another may have been that he was so much more forceful and less literary a writer. An important factor, however, was that so many

of his attackers were mid-Europeans whose resentments reflected the old uncompromising divisions of the German Left. They would not allow him the tolerance normally extended to great artists.

In the mid-1960s, when both Brecht and Stalin had been in their graves for some years, another German-American heavyweight joined the debate in the shape of Hannah Arendt. In a long *New Yorker* profile which showed an unusually sympathetic understanding of Brecht's early poems, she went on to argue that he had forfeited his talent since returning to East Berlin. This was the result of his writing 'odes to Stalin' and 'praise of Stalin's crimes', whereupon a divine poetic justice caused all his inspiration to dry up. I read the piece at the time and had a long and ineffectual dispute with her, trying vainly to get her to say what these alleged odes might be. All she could do was to point to one rather lukewarm reference to Stalin as a 'great harvest-leader' in Brecht's long (and addle-headed) ballad of 1950 about the officially-favoured geneticist Lysenko; she also claimed quite wrongly that this had been excluded from his collected works. As for the other 'odes' which she suggested were being suppressed by the controllers of the Berlin Brecht Archive, she could give me no idea of their titles or purport. I did of course know that there were a number of poems still unpublished for one reason or another, including some which, like the initially suppressed 'The Solution' from the *Buckow Elegies* of 1953, were critical of the East German system. Indeed I had heard of at least one which was scathingly hostile to Stalin. But odes in praise of him? No.

By then enough had trickled into print to indicate serious private reservations about Stalin on Brecht's part, whatever front he might put on to outsiders. For instance, Walter Benjamin's conversations with him at the time of the purges, his own poems about Tretiakoff's execution and Carola Neher's arrest, his pseudo-Chinese *Me-Ti* aphorisms commenting on the Soviet leadership, his previously unpublished polemics against Georg Lukács and the Socialist Realism of the 1930s and 1950s, along with one or two public statements about cultural policy in the DDR: none of this exactly made an anti-communist of him, but it did put his attitude to the existing party establishment in a new and chillier light. Since then there has been further evidence to reinforce this, most notably the publication of his *Arbeitsjournal* with its cutting references to Soviet policy in 1939-40 and its harshly realistic view of East Germany and its problems (for instance in June 1953). Nobody reading these things could visualise him writing the sort of pro-Stalin poems that Miss Arendt had conjured up.

What I held then (and cannot easily stop holding) against Miss Arendt was not so much the solemn fantasy of her accusations as her

unwillingness to revise them when her article appeared some four years later in book form as part of her *Men in Dark Times*. Intellectually she must have known that they were unfounded, but she was not prepared to acknowledge this: I suppose because to do so would have destroyed the whole flesh-curdling notion of poetic nemesis on which her argument depended. I thought her attitude critically and politically dishonest, arrogant towards myself and consciously deceptive of the reading public. So I set out the case against her in the *TLS* in the spring of 1970, once again without provoking any kind of rectification. In West Germany I am told that her book is still in print.

Thereafter the question of the supposed odes slumbered quietly enough till the Washington meeting of the International Brecht Society a few weeks ago, when a small dossier of Brecht's writings about Stalin was unearthed by John Fuegi of the University of Maryland. These have indeed been kept under wraps by the Brecht Archive, though their first lines are listed in its published catalogue. And among them are three poems including the one of which I had already heard. This appears on the face of it to have been written while Stalin was still alive, and calls him by the mock-Soviet honorific title of 'Honoured Murderer of the People'. In terse irregular lines it compares his day-to-day brutality unfavourably with that of the Tsar on Bloody Sunday, then goes on, in phrases larded with imitation homage, to accuse him of having forgotten the *Communist Manifesto* and struck a blow at Lenin. Its conclusion is that a surfeit of Stalin-worship must have made the old man stupid.

The second poem, which seems to date from the last year of Brecht's life, again takes up the theme of Lysenko's genetic theories, or rather of the scientists who were forced to accept them. But it is very different from the 1950 ballad. Thus Stalin, from being 'the great harvest-leader', now becomes 'the leader' *tout court*; nor is this all that flattering since the term for 'leader' has changed from *Leiter* to *Führer*, the word identified with Hitler. He leads his scientists, but where he is leading them remains unclear. However, they cannot escape responsibility since, ironically enough, it seems that they themselves are the real leaders, whether or not they do anything about it. Anyhow, the statistics say so.

The third and strongest of the batch measures its subject – guess who – on the scales and says that the weights in both pans are heavy. On the credit side is shrewdness, but there is not enough of this, so it has to be topped up with cruelty. Because he has failed to provide the country with bread, the worshippers have started to wonder. Which was wrong: the god or the worship? Four things are listed for our consideration: heavy industry, military success, hungry children and the unheard screams of tortured comrades. Promises unfulfilled.

All three of these poems are in the characteristic compressed, unrhymed irregular verse found in other 1950s poems by Brecht. Like some of his *Buckow Elegies* they are obliquely written with a painfully contained force; only by inference does the reader see that they refer unmistakably to Stalin, the 'man of iron' of the *Elegies*. Their grouping too is indicative. Along with them in the dossier are two prose items: an unfinished science-fiction-type picture of Eastern Europe in the 1990s which is not exactly optimistic, and an interview with an old German Communist who had known Lenin personally and found his way of conducting business rather different from his successor's. These too have never been published or openly discussed.

It seems not impossible that Miss Arendt had heard rumours of the dossier's existence and jumped to the conclusion that the poems must have been written to praise Stalin rather than to bury him. If so then it is another small piece of poetic justice that they should prove so finally to demolish her thesis (if further demolition was needed). But the real moral which they point is perhaps a slightly different one. For if they had not been so tactfully hidden away in the first place there could

hardly have been much doubt about Brecht's true attitude to Stalin and Stalin-worship. Whether this would have made his ideological enemies look on him any less sourly is another question, since to see the warts of Communism and still prefer it to the Western (even to the Californian) way of life is perhaps the most unforgivable sin of all. But at least it might have stopped them from misrepresenting his opinions. To do so plays into the hands of those East European officials and critics who want to make him out an unquestioning supporter of Soviet orthodoxy at all times. It distorts everybody's picture of his work.

This does not of course mean that we know yet when, or even whether, the actual texts of these poems can be published. Nor has the promised (to me some six years ago) publication of two hitherto suppressed *Buckow Elegies* yet taken place. And yet nothing would do more good to the DDR's shaky reputation among foreign intellectuals than such evidence that a great poet could choose to work there without approving Stalinist abuses. Most thinking people are not impressed by unanimity but by a rich divergence of critical views. It is a pity that the responsible authorities still seem so far from realising that.

Hugh Lloyd-Jones

The Sacred Source

Pythagoras: A Life by PETER GORMAN *Routledge & Kegan Paul* £6.25

Pythagoras has always been a name to conjure with; and by choosing to believe even a modicum of what ancient writers say about him, we can make him out to have been something between Bertrand Russell and Jim Jones. It is possible to argue that he must have been a great genius, responsible for some of the most important developments in philosophy and mathematics; it is also possible to argue that he was a charlatan. We have three ancient lives of him, as well as innumerable references to him in ancient texts; so that at first glance it looks as if we could know a great deal about him. But if we submit the data to critical scrutiny, we encounter certain difficulties.

Born in the island of Samos, off the west coast of Asia Minor, during the sixth century BC, he made his way to Croton, in southern Italy, where he founded a kind of religious community, whose members followed an ascetic way of life intended, it appears, to purify the soul. He was able to explain that the transmigration of souls was a fact, being descended from a son of the god Hermes whose father had given him the power of remembering his earlier incarnations. For a time his followers held power in Croton; later a rebellion forced him to move to the neighbouring town of Metapontum. Some kind of Pythagorean community existed until the fourth century. Its members were not only vegetarians and believers in metempsychosis; some at least were philosophers, doctors and mathematicians. The founding father himself is alleged to have been a mathematical genius. He is said to have discovered not only the theorem that bears his name, but also the fact

that the chief musical intervals can be expressed by simple numerical ratios, and to have invented the figure called the tetractys, showing at a glance how the first four integers add up to ten. From this he is said to have deduced that, since the musical scale depends on the imposition of definite proportions on the continuum of sound, the same principles, those of Limit and the Unlimited, must underlie the entire universe. From this arose the Pythagorean philosophy of number and the Pythagorean doctrine of the music of the spheres, known to English readers from Lorenzo's words to Jessica.

The existence of a Pythagorean community is a matter of historical fact. Some of its members, like Alcmaeon, who discovered the importance of the brain, the mathematician Archytas and the philosopher Philolaus, were distinguished men. Though Plato's references to Pythagoreans are tinged with a gentle irony, he held many of the doctrines attributed to them. But how many of these doctrines were attributed to Pythagoreans only after Plato's time?

With the decline of the great Hellenistic schools of philosophy, what purported to be a Pythagorean revival took place. But the 'Neopythagoreanism' of this time consisted largely of Platonic and Stoic elements; how much that was genuinely Pythagorean survived in it is hard to determine. During the third century AD this school became merged in Neoplatonism. The Neoplatonists became interested in Pythagoras, and put out a version of his life and doctrines that was strongly coloured by their own preoccupations. After the revival of learning this neoplatonising 'Pythagoreanism' took on a new life in the hands of Ficino and Pico della Mirandola.

We have three lives of Pythagoras, none earlier than the third century AD; two are by the Neoplatonist philosophers Porphyry and Iamblichus, and one by the uncritical compiler Diogenes Laertius. All are indebted to the life by the travelling wonder-worker, Apollonius of Tyana. This man, Gibbon remarks, was a contemporary of Christ, and 'his life [that of the former] has been narrated by his disciples in so incredible a fashion that it is impossible to distinguish fact from fiction'. The same was doubtless true of Apollonius's lost life of Pythagoras, and it has left its mark on the surviving lives. Pythagoras was the son of Apollo, so that his descent from Hermes must have been on his mother's side; he had a golden thigh; he was seen simultaneously in two places; and he had all kinds of magic powers. He had been a pupil of famous Greek philosophers, and also of Oriental sages, so that his life had to last 100 years.

For scholars the really important problem is that of how much of Pythagoreanism existed before Plato. During the 19th century a sceptical view was taken; but about the beginning of the 20th the belief in a highly-developed Pythagorean philosophy influencing Plato was revived. In our own time scholars tend to accept Aristotle's distinction between real pre-Platonic Pythagoreanism and a later Platonising version; but even those who believe in a relatively large Pythagorean contribution to philosophy and mathematics agree that very little of this can safely be ascribed to Pythagoras himself. This emerges from a careful study of that part of the material which can be traced back beyond the third- and fourth-century lives to pupils of Aristotle writing at the end of the fourth century BC, whose results are best studied in Walter Burkert's fine book *Lore and Science in Early Pythagoreanism* (revised English version, 1972).

It will be clear from this that a would-be biographer of Pythagoras who adopts rational methods will be wise to start by listing and evaluating his sources and weighing the evidence of each with caution. But Mr Gorman has no need of reason, since we may say of him, as Housman said of S.G. Owen, that he 'has access to a higher and purer source of illumination'. Mr Gorman was educated, we learn from the dust jacket, in Australia and Europe, and like his subject has travelled extensively in the East. Although he 'has a background in classical studies', he 'considers that his knowledge of mystical philosophy and an intuition into the psyche of the ancient Greeks have been of more value to him in compiling the present work'. The book itself fully supports this claim. Though he seems ignorant of the greater part of the literature of the subject, he mentions some respectable authorities; but he is wholly incapable of making the best use of them. Not only is he incapable of evaluating the ancient authorities, but he is willing to swallow almost anything.

After considering but dismissing the idea that Pythagoras's golden thigh may have been due to jaundice, he explains it as a birthmark, and suggests that 'this may have discouraged him from accepting the Hellenic cult of the beautiful body'. Since 'Plato studied in Egypt, and the Hellenic authors knew a lot about Persia and its religion', and since Xenophon visited Persia and Herodotus both Persia and Egypt, 'it would be surprising if Pythagoras had not visited' these two countries.



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The White Rhodesian Novel

Last year the London underground stations were spattered with posters for the film *The Wild Geese*. Burton flanked by Roger Moore and Richard Harris in the berets and battle-dress of Congo mercenaries towered in the foreground. Behind them, glimpsed through the smoke of burning thatch and an exploding truck, black, lilliputian figures fought one of Africa's wars.

I don't suppose Daniel Carney, the ex-Salisbury estate agent who wrote *The Wild Geese*, had anything to do with the poster. But he is one of the latest in a succession of writers who for 90 years have been producing novels about white Rhodesia, and that poster aptly sums up the role in Africa these novels have ascribed to the Rhodesian settlers. Even uniforms cannot mask the individuality of the mercenaries, and the poster artist has emphasised the grim seriousness of their intent, their unity, their authority. The chaos behind them admits no possibility of individuality, and the random incidents connected in the poster only by flame and smoke make their violence seem almost whimsical.

There are nearly 400 Rhodesian novels – or rather novels about Rhodesian settlers, for few of the novelists were born in the country and most of those who have used it as a setting were visitors or people who had lived in Rhodesia for only a few years. Few of these can even have been aware of the work of their predecessors and consequently it is impossible to talk of a tradition in the settler novel. And yet reading them through I have become aware of an astonishing consistency in their image of the country: Rhodesia remains a wilderness; the settlers always seem to live on the edge of civilisation; beyond the order they have imposed on the land lies a savage confusion that threatens to overwhelm them if their vigilance should lapse for a moment.

In the turbulent 1890s such images can be expected. The risings of 1896 and 1897, during which nearly a tenth of the settlers were killed, showed the whites how tenuous their hold on the land really was. Before the risings novelists had titillated their readers with hints

of the bewildering savagery with which the settlers found themselves surrounded. In 1896, this pleasantly chilling fantasy became horribly real. The killings were sudden and ruthless, but even more alarming was the evidence of considerable organisation, unthinkable in people who – for the Shona at least – appeared to have no past and no existing social organisation. It required only the official analysis of the risings which laid the blame on a largely imaginary hierarchy of cult priests and mediums for the settlers to realise that they were indeed surrounded by sinisterly arcane forces which they could not hope to understand and which effectively removed Africans from any rational processes. In novel after novel Africans appear as creatures barely human, sometimes comic in their dependence on the occult, sometimes dangerous, but invariably swayed by superstition and the machinations of their 'witch-doctors'. Countering these is a white hero, one of whose heroic attributes is to know the native mind. This seldom means more than that he is able to anticipate the play of irrational forces on primitive mentalities and to avert their worst effects by a brutal exercise of authority.

On the evidence of the novels the mythologies of the risings have always lurked just beyond the threshold of the settler consciousness. There can be no other explanation for the sheer number of novels written during the first half of this century which deal directly with the outbreak of a new revolt. The brief acquaintance of most of the novelists with Rhodesia can only have allowed them to see a pleasant and tranquil land which the whites inhabited with the confidence that only imperial arrogance could give and the comforts that only a plenitude of ill-paid servants and labourers could allow. But the novelists must have sensed the anxiety and insecurity that lay beneath the apparent calm.

The risings were not the only mythology which sustained the settlers – the risings had after all been put down – but, paradoxically, lay at the root of this deep seated anxiety.

From the earliest encounters of Europe with Mashonaland, the ruins of Great Zimbabwe and the other stone structures on the plateau had excited the imperial imagination. The Portuguese in the 16th century had suggested that here had been Solomon's Ophir or Sheba's palace, and the 19th-century British adopted the idea with enthusiasm. A more satisfying basis for a company prospectus could hardly be asked for than the assertion that a company was proposing to mine Ophir. The myth of Zambesia's Solomonic past had other pleasing implications. In occupying Mashonaland, Rhodes was doing no more than restoring to Europe what once had been Europe's, or, at least, what was a part of the most treasured traditions of Europe's past.

It was this aspect of the myth that the novelists exploited with most enthusiasm. Unlike most myths, however, Great Zimbabwe was not simply a celebration of a basic truth. It carried with it other and more disturbing implications. If a once great Empire had flourished in Africa, it had been overwhelmed, its buildings ruined, its creators lost in the past. There was no reason why the new empire should not go the way of its predecessor. And so in the novels based on Great Zimbabwe, although travellers and explorers may not feel that they are strangers in the land, they do not feel secure in their recovery of their heritage. Either a savage race lives uncomprehendingly amidst the ruined splendours of the past or the last descendants of the original colonisers linger on, harassed by the attacks of neighbouring tribes who are concerned only to pillage and destroy.

Myths create roles, and confronted with these mythologies the resulting roles are predictable. Whites are involved in the creation of a new nation, their task made epic by the glory of their enterprise, the wilderness and the hostility of its people. Vigilance is, of course, necessary, but so is the authority that such a destiny demands. Few novelists deal with the suburban routines of Salisbury or Bulawayo. Rather, the relative security of the towns is left behind and whites play out their parts in the remoter areas of the country. This insistence that it is in the bush that the settler identity is most readily recognised is a central idea in these novels. It separates them from the South African novel where there is no equivalent emphasis and since no continuous process is being described these novels do not admit an analogy with the literature of the American frontier. Invariably the processes that are being described here are creative and redemptive. Farms are hacked from the wilderness, the bush is tamed, savagery is slowly drawn within the pale of civilisation, shape is being imposed on what was inchoate. Underneath the imagery, then, imperialism is glorifying itself. But it is not an economic imperialism, for few fortunes are made in the Rhodesian novel. Rather they seem to be inspired by that energising, almost religious, fervour with which Britain's world role was once invoked. Unaware of the anachronisms, these novels perpetuate the idealism, the sense of destiny, the absurdities and the evasions of the great mass of imperial fiction. Africans get lost amidst the rhetoric.

Only the best imperial novelists doubted the rightness of Britain's destiny. Most were carried along by a blind optimism. In the settler novel there is the fervour of the idea but there is also an unease, more insidious than the fear of another rising or the recollec-

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tion of the fate of Great Zimbabwe. Throughout the novels one senses that the settler elite realises that only its colour guarantees its privileges, and yet no elite can live with the insecurity of such a guarantee. Superiority must be more than skin deep. And so the hero becomes a superman, to whom blacks, despite the tug of savage instincts, will give appropriate honour and respect. The task in hand may be the creation of the new nation but the terror is not that he will prove unfit for the task but that this respect will be withdrawn. And so white villains also play their parts: men who have gone native – the novels are obsessed with sex across the colour bar; liberals who out of malice or naïveté admit blacks to an intellectual fellowship, and others whose exploitation of the people goes beyond even what settler conventions permit and sow in the African mind seeds of doubt about the integrity of all whites.

The greatest fear is of an African educated in Western knowledge. Early on in the novels the mission 'boy' replaces the savage incarnating all that is most untrustworthy in the African character. More recently it is the Moscow-trained graduate. As types they are indistinguishable. But few novelists will admit that education has brought Africans equal capacity with the whites. Education is merely a mask. Beneath it the African mind still operates with all its fears and superstitions and yet is no longer the comforting savage that a 90-year colonial experience has learned to deal with. In the novels of the last 30 years rural Africans unspotted by the world of town and mission have become an alternative base of sanity to that provided by the settlers themselves. But they, unlike the settlers, are not immune to the poisonous message of the bespectacled, literate agitator.

In the minds of many white Rhodesians the unilateral declaration of independence in 1965 was a realisation of the mythologies of seventy years. The Great Zimbabwean Empire had been rebuilt and now would fight for its existence. Still the forces of savagery were ranged against it but the priests and mediums that had induced the Shona and Ndebele to revolt in 1896 had been replaced by the representatives of international communism gathered in the United Nations, London, Moscow and Washington. A novel like Wilbur Smith's *The Sunbird* (1972) works almost entirely within the confines of this myth. The ruins of a Carthaginian city are discovered on the Botswana border and its history, written on golden scrolls, tells of its sacking by black hordes from the north. Using an odd occult machinery, Smith gives each of the leaders of the ancient city his counterpart in modern southern Africa, the Emperor significantly becoming in his reincarnation a ruthless Rand industrialist. With the nationalist armies already gathering north of the Zambesi and a lightning raid along the border, it would seem that Rhodesia's fate is sealed. Smith, of course, does not acknowledge this. Neither does he appear to recognise the irony that the counterparts of the black slaves of the Carthaginian state at the height of its power are the Africans in the racist societies of southern Africa.

In the last three years there has been evidence of creeping doubts about settler invincibility. Quite one of the nastiest novels of the 20 or so written about the war, Robert Early's *A Time of Madness* (1978), reduces the nationalists to shadowy figures on the

New Statesman 15 June 1979

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Edited by Michael Unger

'The first full, though unfinished, version published . . . Bridget's account of the Führer, his chief henchmen and their methods is ruthlessly illuminating . . . [It] is often startlingly revelatory and accords with the testimony of others on Hitler's abnormalities.' Trevor Allen, *Contemporary Review*

'Did Hitler really visit England? . . . Attempts to refute Bridget's story have been unsuccessful . . . It is intriguing to reflect that Stalin also visited England (he was in the East End of London in 1907, as I am assured by William Fishman, the historian of the East End). What impression of English anti-ideology and muddling through were taken away by these two engineers of mass destruction, and what influence did their experience of England have on their later decisions? . . . [Bridget's memoirs] will continue to be discussed by historians.' Hyam Maccoby, *Listener*

'Mystery has swirled around the memoirs. Though few scholars dispute the claim that the manuscripts are authentically Bridget's and therefore the only known memoirs written by a Hitler relative, some tantalising questions remain to be fully answered.' Kathy Hacker, *Philadelphia Bulletin*

'The main question posed by this book is simple: whether it is true or fantasy . . . [The] revelation that Hitler spent a half-year in Liverpool has been questioned . . . Yet [the] literary ineptitude may be held as proof of the authenticity. For to maintain that this book is a farrago of accessible accounts of Hitler, artfully contrived . . . is to credit Bridget Hitler with an inventive skill equal to that of a master of the novel. How else could she have organised descriptions which bring the ill-favoured life of the Third Reich vividly before the reader or allow him to experience the personality of Hitler with his powerful and fourth-rate mind?' Christopher Sykes, *Books & Bookmen*

'The Liverpool episode suggests that either Bridget or Adolf, or both, were under heavy sedation for the half-year that they lived in a tiny flat, cheek by jowl.' Terence Prittie, *Tablet*

'It's odd that the ever-talkative Hitler never mentioned his visit to Liverpool. But then if he were on the run from the police he wouldn't, would he?' Douglas Johnson, *New Society*

'A fascinating personal curio.' Anthony Howard, *Observer*

'Self-absorbed and totally absorbing.' Beryl Bainbridge, *Guardian*

'I find it pretty hard to swallow.' Jeffrey Bernard, *Punch*

'Worth every penny.' Colin Haycraft

'I will go further: I will eat my hat.' H. R. Trevor-Roper, *N.Y. Review of Books*

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Duckworth

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periphery of the novel's action. Here the enemy that has to be hunted down and destroyed is a Hungarian agent who is masterminding the war. But even with the Hungarian's death, there is no suggestion that the war will end. Early can comfort himself by making his Africans speak in the metaphor-laden prose that novelists have seen as their appropriate registers since Haggard's Kukuana, and although this may confirm that they are a simple peasant people incapable of either initiative or organisation, the novel shows few illusions that they have only momentarily been led astray from their loyalty to the settler regime. It is as if the whiff of defeat that forced the settlers to resort to the present constitution has at last destroyed the viability of the myths.

Jonathan Raban

Broad Church

Great Friends: Portraits of Seventeen Writers
by DAVID GARNETT *Macmillan* £9.95

Literature was the Garnett family business and David Garnett grew up in the domestic buzz of writers and writing much as other children are born into the garment industry or the retail grocery trade. As soon as the breakfast things were cleared away, Constance Garnett was busy translating another chapter

of Tolstoy, while Edward tinkered with the manuscript of Conrad's latest effort. It is no wonder that the young David took a fairly beady-eyed view of all this scribbling.

I felt no deference or respect for authors. My friend (Edward Thomas) was a hack writer like most other people I knew. I respected Conrad because he had been the captain of a sailing ship, Hudson because he knew every bird by sight and by its song, Nevinson and Brailsford because they had fought for the Greeks against the Turks – but nobody for being a writer.

The real surprise is that David Garnett himself should have joined the firm at all. He was certainly never one of those meek sons who take the easiest path by following in their fathers' footsteps. Quite the reverse. The first volume of his autobiography, *The Golden Echo* (1954), showed a young man so determinedly unliterary that he was in real danger of flunking English at his matriculation. When he went to university, it was to Imperial College, to read Botany. At 18, he succeeded in gatecrashing a cell of Indian revolutionaries in London; it was a social world he was proud to have discovered entirely for himself, this grubby haven in Shepherd's Bush, Garnett's *alter-Bloomsbury*. Much the most enjoyable chapter of *The Golden Echo* concerns an elaborate plot, conceived by Garnett out of John Buchan, in which one of his Indian friends was to be sprung from the remand wing of Brixton Prison and smuggled to France in a chartered ketch.

That spirit has remained with him throughout an extraordinarily long and vigorous literary career. His pedigree is purest Bloomsbury, but his temperament is much closer to that of Buchan and Kipling. Cyril Connolly once rightly identified Defoe as the major stylistic influence on *Lady Into Fox*, and Garnett has maintained the plain-spoken tradition of Defoe in modern English fiction. He is one of those writers who are doomed to be favoured more by readers than by academic critics; the hallmark of his prose is its absolute clarity. It doesn't raise the faintest bleep on the portable symbol-detectors with which beachcombing critics patrol the shores of literature. Garnett's preoccupations as a novelist lie in the world of outdoors, of action and decision. One recent novel, *Plough Over the Bones*, published when he was 81, starts, in characteristic Garnett vein, with a splendidly exact account of a Maurice Farman biplane crashing into a field of French clover.

Such an exuberant and idiosyncratic man of letters could hardly fail to come up with something notably original in the way of literary memoirs; and *Great Friends* is a triumph of informal, unvarnished portraiture. The roll call of Garnett's friends looks, at first sight, not unlike the index of Dr Leavis's *The Great Tradition*. To a modern reader, many of these people are so sicklied over with the pale cast of scholarship and solemn exegesis that they are barely recognisable as people at all. They have become figures in the pantheon, names on the syllabus. Henry James is here; so are Conrad, Lawrence, Woolf, Forster – writers who have earned the doubtful accolade of being referred to by their patronyms alone, as if they were makes of automobile. The Later James appears in Garnett's book in a wildly unfamiliar guise. A tight beanie is clamped on his skull. In black-and-white check jacket and knickerbockers, he goes on wobbly cycling expeditions through the streets of Rye. Edward Thomas goes tench-fishing with

bread paste and worms. Virginia Woolf goes down on her hands and knees in Quoy Fen, growling vulpinely and scaring Garnett's children. W. H. Hudson is found up to his knees in slime, inspecting a rare toad which the young Garnett discovered on the banks of a forbidden pond.

In these memoirs, as in his fiction, Garnett has caught his subjects out of doors; and in the open air they are infinitely more accessible, and more vulnerable, than the grave and tortured dignitaries we know from the familiar posed photographs taken in their studies. That quality makes *Great Friends* immediately captivating; but what distinguishes it is something more important. For Garnett has constructed an unofficial taxonomy of literary modernism: the network of his own private friendships corresponds remarkably closely with the outlines of the main tradition of 20th-century English fiction. Garnett himself, with his cultivated innocence, his complete incapacity to be overawed by great names, his generous and catholic taste and his good-humoured scepticism about literary theory, is equipped, as no critic has ever been, to make a fresh assessment of that tradition. No-one else has been closer to the kitchen or talked to the cooks with quite such unbuttoned ease.

Memoir by memoir, he builds up a thoroughly coherent patchwork picture. The writing he values most begins in the exactitude of natural history. So W. H. Hudson and Edward Thomas become key figures in the system, and it is that scientific fidelity to nature and the moment which Garnett prizes in Lawrence (he calls the mysticism and philosophising in Lawrence 'so much rot') and in the detailed descriptions of the surfaces of things in Woolf. He talks of Conrad's treatment of his characters as being like that of an 'engineer studying fatigue in metals', and when Garnett is praising a passage of writing there is always the implicit suggestion that literature is only a hair's-breadth away from the natural sciences. Exactness and candour are everything; the best sentence is the one which accepts the nature of things as they are by recording them with the grace of absolute submission.

It is a very unflashy standard by which to measure a tradition; yet Garnett does make it stick. His great friends (some of whom could not stand each other) do settle into a literary tradition which demands our recognition. Leavis's *Great Tradition* was a very narrow church indeed. Garnett's friends make up a broad church in which Conrad, Woolf and Lawrence are not lone prophets baying in the wilderness so much as members of a wide (and historically deep-rooted) community of English writers. In Garnett's version of things, Richard Jefferies and W. H. Hudson were major precursors; George Moore's *Esther Waters* deserves to be appraised as a masterpiece; some of the stories of H. E. Bates bear comparison with the best of Lawrence and Woolf. It is an account of modernism which relegates the preacher and promotes the naturalist. It values the structure of a sentence more highly than the profession of an ideology or an aesthetic. What is most persuasive about it is that it accords with what the writers themselves actually said they were doing in their work. Garnett's book, brimming with affection and common sense, finally tells more about the real workings of literary history than we are ever likely to learn from the severe deacons of Downing College.

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Frederic Raphael

Milkers and Skimmers

The *Oresteia* of Aeschylus by ROBERT LOWELL *Faber* £5.50

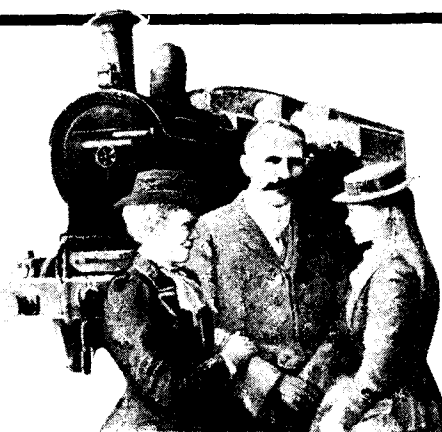
Why translate Aeschylus? The question never occurred in the ancient world. The poet sold no foreign rights; his rewards were all domestic. The compatriots of Xerxes had to learn Greek if they wished to discover what Athenian genius had made of Persian vanity. The hermetic uniqueness of the original text died hard: there was no English vulgate, as it were, of the *Agamemnon* until the 16th century. Peter Green's exhaustive article on Aeschylean translation, in *Essays in Antiquity* (1960), evaluates the subsequent runners with trenchant thoroughness. He sets out sensible principles and measures the translators against them, often at pigmy level. Richard Lattimore comes out taller than most, and rightly. (Kennedy, of Latin Primer fame, gets surprisingly good marks.) Professor Green comments adversely on academic minds – Gilbert Murray's was the most notable – who sought to pass off their own Muse as the sister of Aeschylus's. Decoration is impertinent, yet literalism is intolerable. How can one retain both the quality and the 'otherness' of the Greek? New translations keep coming because the fruit, however tantalisingly, remains to be plucked, or at least reached for. There is one test which is, remarkably, never cited among Professor Green's, prudent criteria: performability.

Robert Lowell's is the third new *Oresteia* this year and it is perhaps significant that each has been intended for the stage (or the box) rather than for the study. That plays are meant to be played hardly smacks of paradox, but even a tautology can be instructive, especially in the province of scholarship, where *difficilior potius* is a slogan easily reduced to the absurd: *difficillimus* pottiest of all. One has to look only at the translation by the great Eduard Frankel, with whose *apparatus criticus* none would dare to tamper, but whose English fits no known tongue. Lowell hoped that his *Oresteia* might be performed in a single evening – an ambitious truncation indeed. One is reminded of the chorus in the *Choephoroi* recounting how Klytemnestra bundled Agamemnon into his tomb:

She cut off his feet and hands
And hung them under his armpits.

More neat than worthy. Since Aeschylus's own text required the best part of a full day in the theatre of Dionysos, one may wonder how wise Lowell was so to parcel the master. After all, poets too have their furies. In general, the original has been collapsed with great judiciousness; there is a lot of pace here. The cuts are where most of us would want to make them, though that cannot quite justify them. ('I didn't quite get this bit, sir,' was not an excuse that cut any of the iciness of Arrow-smith of the Remove.) The choruses have been dramatically divided into patterns of contrapuntal voices, a move only a pedant could

New Statesman 15 June 1979



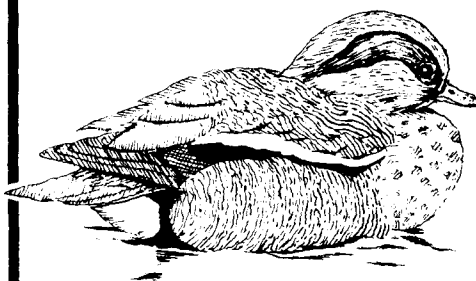
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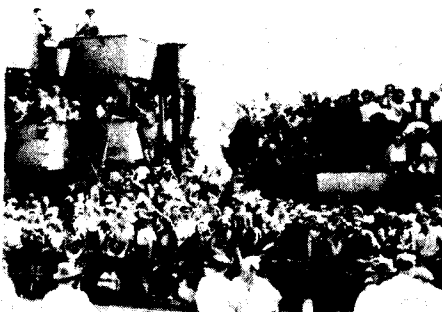


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ANDRE DEUTSCH

deplorable, but the stichomythia has also been abbreviated, with a substantial loss of tension and challenge. More damagingly, the abrupt curtailment of the *Eumenides* docks the trilogy of the consummating tribute to reconciliation and harmony which the playwright worked for throughout his long and terrible saga. To trim tedium is hardly a sin, but arrogant impatience is another matter.

The trouble lies partly (perhaps inevitably) in the fact that Lowell was working from Lattimore rather than from the Greek. Of course he had done similar things in his *Imitations*, but here we are dealing with a complete work, not an excerpt or a recension. A poet may conjure poetry where he chooses, but we are bound to recognise the shadow of a shadow and judge the trick accordingly. Translators may be divided into milkers and skimmers: the former seek to squeeze every drop out of the original, while the latter go for the cream. Lowell's capacity for silky succinctness often enables him to feel out the braille of Lattimore, as it were, and 'see' the original with fresh eyes, but when he loses touch, he does so without any sense of the risk or vulgarity involved. 'Lice scissored our groins' would be rather grotesque even if it were accurate. (The Greek mentions only 'animals' in the hair; they are not equipped with anything approaching scissors.) And what of the reference, in *Choephoroi*, to a tribute of 'eagle's feathers' on Agamemnon's tomb, where the Greek specifies hair once more? (Aeschylus threads his symbolism through the trilogy with remarkable continuity.)

The main charge against Lowell must be that he has scamped the basic theme of the whole trilogy, which is justice. It may fairly be claimed that the *Oresteia* is the 'Foundation Myth' – the *gennaion pseudos* – of Athenian democracy, the vital antithesis to the 'noble lie' (the hallowed mistranslation) by which Plato, a generation later, hoped to authenticate the rule of his guardians and the unappealing justice they impersonated. The antagonism between Plato and Aeschylus – who was, of course, to have no bursary from the Ideal State, nor even a *carnet de séjour* – is heightened by the fact that the *Republic* affects to analyse justice where the *Oresteia* is, as it were, alive with it: Plato defines the essence, Aeschylus existentialises. The abiding split between the creative and the analytic consciousness started in a society which the one regarded with optimistic enthusiasm, the other with contemptuous dismay. Lowell's modernising discretion – keen on plot, embarrassed by metaphysics – refines much of that grandiloquence for which Aeschylus was first derided by Aristophanes, but the baby goes out with the bathwater: the great topic is so botched that we have a maladroit reference to the 'justice' of the Spartans and Scythians, where Aeschylus was alluding precisely to their lack of that essentially civic virtue, for which their military achievements could never compensate. The 'nationalisation' of the vendetta (typical of the shame-culture of the Mycenaean age) sublimated violence and so put a term to it. Aeschylus's vision of a balance of forces is still a noble contribution to the dialectics of human society and certainly no deadly, wooden section apt for the axe.

Lowell's ideas on staging are not always very happy either. Oliver Taplin has dealt severely with whimsical stage directions in his

splendid *The Stagecraft of Aeschylus* and I quail to think what he would say to 'Tries to hum and cannot' appended to the Watchman's speech. The deliberate misreading of a classic, à la Marowitz, can yield dramatic and critical dividends, but Lowell's ideas are pedestrian and perfunctory. The text, however, remains a positive contribution and a model of terseness and clarity, even if one sometimes feels like a man who ordered *sole meunière* and is brought the bones in butter. The great pulse of Aeschylus's vision of the totality of things continues to beat, proof of the creative artist's bloody-minded ability to deal with the complex stuff, not the Platonic abstraction, of life.

Terry Eagleton

A Sort of Fiction

Pig Earth by JOHN BERGER *Writers and Readers Publishing Cooperative* £4.95

To write convincingly of peasants, not least if you once produced a book on Picasso, would seem as doomed a literary enterprise as creating Trotskyite love-lyrics. For no social figure has surely been glamourised and debunked in such fine proportion; the word can suggest the moral beefiness of an Adam Bede just as easily as it can evoke a surly cretin smeared in cow-shit. *Pig Earth* is a set of stories, poems and essays about French peasant life by a well-known English intellectual; and it's therefore obvious even before opening it that its chief problem will be that of the stance it assumes towards its own subject-matter.

It's a relief to learn as early as page 7 that John Berger does actually live in a peasant community and to some extent shares its working life; but the real evidence that the book isn't the fruit of research in the British Library emerges in its doggedly scrupulous detail, its sheer unshowy knowledgeability about, say, slaughtering a cow:

The son pushes a spring through the hole in the skull into the cow's brain. It goes in nearly 20 centimetres. He agitates it to be sure that all the animal's muscles will relax, and pulls it out. The mother holds the uppermost foreleg by the fetlock in her two hands. The son cuts by the throat and the blood floods out on to the floor. For the moment it takes the form of an enormous velvet skirt, whose tiny waist band is the lip of the wound. Then it flows on and resembles nothing.

This is the kind of reverent, self-oblivious passion for material life which makes Berger such a fine art-critic; yet it's a reverence which thrives upon notable limits. *Pig Earth* is a relentlessly realist work, silently dedicated to smashing the demeaning stereotypes of its subject in the interests of telling it like it is. But how is it, exactly? For a socio-political account of the plight of the world peasantry we have to wait for the finely analytic 'Historical Afterword', in which Berger reflects upon the peasantry's economic infrastructure, its

cultural conditions, the possibility of its impending extinction as a class. That Berger is one of the few English writers who can interleave poems and political essays of equivalent intricacy is a gloomy symptom of the ideologically convenient division of labour which paralyses our culture: poetry for private emotions, politics for more abstract affairs. It's a fact/fiction dichotomy which Berger's writing has consistently subverted: indeed, when he argues here that every peasant village lives by a kind of adjustable self-image, constructs through its circuits of gossip and story-telling a continuous portrait of itself, he shrewdly implies that village life is itself a sort of fiction.

Yet there's a rift between the complex speculations of the 'Afterword' and the graphic immediacies of the tales themselves, which tend to buy their descriptive fidelity at the cost of emotional complexity and political awareness. Most of the pieces centre, predictably, on work; and while there's no denying that work is pivotal to peasant existence, a purely realist presentation of it is bound to edge out less brutally palpable issues of class, politics, exploitation.

Not that these are wholly lacking: a story entitled 'The Value of Money' dramatises starkly enough the conflict between peasant and state bureaucracy. Yet when Marcel, the peasant protagonist, finally lands in gaol for turning his rifle on the tax inspector, his response is to contemplate his idle hands and mourn for the 'habit of working' of which he's bereft. No doubt a realist portrayal of a peasant's reaction; yet as long as Berger's fictions remain in such simple 'reflective' relation to their subject-matter, they too stay imprisoned within an inevitably partial consciousness. There's no way in which the Berger who writes the 'Afterword' can 'be' the Marcel of whom he writes; and it won't do, either, just to recount the occasional peasant narrative in the first person. In the end, *Pig Earth* could press its politics only by breaking beyond its realist forms – patronising though it may seem to hand down such advice to the author of *The Moment of Cubism*.

David Caute

What Next?

Burger's Daughter by NADINE GORDIMER *Cape* £5.95

There are good reasons for not reading serious fiction. *Burger's Daughter* contains its fair share of them. Although I had not read Gordimer before, her reputation combined with the theme and setting of her latest novel aroused high expectations. Widely esteemed, joint winner of the 1974 Booker Prize for fiction, praised by Graham Greene, she is regarded as the most distinguished among those South African writers who have confronted white oppression, apartheid, with moral courage and imaginative power. One thinks of Olive Schreiner, Alan Paton, Dan Jacobson, Peter Abrahams; or, moving north across the Limpopo, Doris Lessing.

A precis or blurb may tell one what a novel is 'about'. *Burger's Daughter* is about the daughter of a noble-spirited Afrikaner, Lionel

Burger, who dedicated his mature years to a selfless struggle for black liberation, suffering in the process constant ostracism, harassment, persecution and, finally, death in prison. Here was a close, loyal family fully committed to the Communist Party which seemed, to these whites, to be the only viable alternative to the hypocritical vacillations of accommodating liberalism. Rosa attends her father's final trial, he dies, her mother and brother are also dead, she must lead her life, make sense of her father's legendary role, define her own commitments in the modern era of Sharpeville, Soweto and armed black insurgency – the era of Steve Biko, BOSS, banning orders, detention without trial and monolithic surveillance.

Nadine Gordimer portrays this hermetically oppressive universe with impressive political intelligence, a sure grasp of both the complexities of underground militancy and the crystalline gleam of revolutionary concepts. But a good novel is never 'about' what it is about, it must put flesh on the skeletal reductionism, and usually manichean language, of politics. Gordimer certainly does that, pounds of it, whole sack-paragraphs of human prose, ultimately burying her people, her story under the weight of fine writing. It isn't as if she offers a coherent challenge to the 19th-century conventions of plot, time-sequence and development – merely a ragged, uncertain and annoyingly self-indulgent subversion of what seems to be, at root, a conventional form. The result, for this reader, was confusion, boredom, a dispiriting loss of concentration. And an enhanced respect for Saul Bellow, Simone de Beauvoir, Doris Lessing.

One may speculate a bit. The good (eschewing definition) film is usually more entertaining than the bad film: one goes. Yet the theoretical audience for the good novel is nowadays alarmingly larger than the actual audience. Escapist writing, thrillers and detective stories, boom on the clandestine appetites of a vast constituency educated enough to talk about the novelists they don't read. The paperback thriller, devoid as it is of disturbing ambiguity or genuine emotion, is not ashamed to entertain, to provide narrative drive, dramatic tension and the most wonderful of baits – what next? Yet your serious novelist evidently feels cheap unless she wraps her story in fustian.

It's a commonplace, but worth repeating, that once you enter a cinema or theatre you become a captive audience, but the novel must compete with a hundred avenues of diversion: reading *Burger's Daughter* I noticed the grease mark on the sofa, the clock that had stopped, a pile of magazines, tax forms, unanswered letters. When the vagrant eye dutifully returns to the page, it's the wrong page, probably, and a restless search for a remembered point of departure ensues.

Gordimer makes things no better by employing an irritating convention of punctuation. Ugly dashes, rather than quotation marks, signify the spoken word. But she is also attracted by the more usual parenthetical dash. Take this:

— Rosa . . . oh good! Orde, look, I want to talk to you about something you may be able to do for me. No, Fats — her adorned hands touched from one to the other distributing the unconscious grace of great beauty — just a cold drink. Anything. — In their own language: — It's Tandi's friend — Duma Dhladhla? That's right. You're at Turfloop? — She drew from the young man in denim a punctuation of cool nods [continues]

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The Midsummer Cushion by JOHN CLARE
edited by Anne Tibble Carcanet £8

When John Clare finished writing the poems of *The Midsummer Cushion* in 1831, he already knew that his London publisher John Taylor didn't want the book. After Clare failed to find subscribers for his manuscript, he had a series of increasingly serious nervous breakdowns. In 1835 some of the *Midsummer Cushion* was published as *The Rural Muse* and more has been published since, but about a third of the poems in *The Midsummer Cushion* appear in print for the first time in Anne Tibble's historic edition. It is a breath-taking book, of central importance for anyone concerned with English poetry of nature.

The Clare of *The Midsummer Cushion* is a poet made by the 20th century. Taylor savagely cut, retitled and repunctuated Clare's manuscripts to fit his own condescending - and already outdated - image of a rustic moralist moved to song by his unlettered muse. Edmund Blunden's 1920 edition of Clare was pointedly half-titled 'Poems Chiefly from Ms', and Geoffrey Grigson's *The Poems of John Clare's Madness* came entirely from manuscripts. Anne Tibble has had *The Midsummer Cushion* manuscript printed precisely as Clare wrote it, a literalism which immortalises some unedifying spelling errors ('pauls' for 'palls', for example). On the whole, however, it is worthwhile, and it is what Clare wanted: 'No Stops or Punctuation attempted'.

Without editorial punctuation, Clare's poetry changes. His concentration on the image complex stands out more than ever as his means of organising poetry. His apparently weakly-argued sonnets now look either like picture poems or like a kind of sonnet homage in which emotionally charged imagery is intensified still further at the end of the poem. Since punctuation these days looks like the instrument of a rational artifice, Clare's floating lines also give a slightly suspect subjective pleasure by seeming to be feelings, not words, flowing together to make up a mind, not a book, engaged in some endless ruminative surmise. If so, this would be merely the newest use of Clare, whose curse it has been to be available for literary fads: peasant poet, mad poet, regional poet, proletarian saint (in Edward Bond's *The Fool*).

According to Clare, a midsummer cushion was a 'piece of greensward' stuck with field flowers and brought indoors to ornament the cottage. He felt his poems were like these bits of concentrated landscape - 'green ballads', probably destined to be short-lived: nature expressed by a different means.

When Clare revised 'Summer Images' and 'Autumn' into roughly pindaric strophes, their reflective melancholy responded well to being shaped by an unnatural form. Normally, though, form follows feeling in Clare's poetry. With his utter lack of paradox, even contradictory states like vision and blankness or love

and loss are expressed almost simultaneously, which gives them a strange sweetness. Such poetry can't be compensatory or antithetical. The poem always agrees with its own prevailing emotion or image because it doesn't exist except as that image. Clare's playfulness comes out instead in favourite subjects: folktales, animal behaviour, fancies, associations, and the rituals of children's and lovers' games.

Some of the late Romantics like Beddoes or George Darley are minor poets because they wrote like other people, only not as well. Clare is a minor poet because his work is the pure expression of a poetic mode, the bucolic, which has almost always appeared in fragmentary or occluded form. Shakespeare, Spenser and Wordsworth all have something of Clare's intense bucolic; but for Clare it is everything. If he saw his art as the language of nature, it may be because he hardly ever saw nature as art. His bucolic 'muse of the fields' is the field itself, of 'trailing bindweed with its pinky cup', or the yellowhammer's nest with 'five eggs pen-scribbled over lilac shells'. Clare admired Thomson's *The Seasons*, in which 'the eye excursive' roams over a 'bursting prospect' much like a Constable painting. Clare's own close-focus Romanticism doesn't bother with sky or space, an important exclusion for a poet who lived in the fenlands, where a rushing sky often provides the only drama in a landscape of unrelieved flatness. As Geoffrey Grigson has remarked, visitors seeking 'Clare country' are likely to be disappointed.

Clare's 'modern' specificity annoyed his literary acquaintances. Taylor wrote to Clare: 'Your poetry is much the best when you are not describing common things.' Charles Lamb, a kinder friend, urged Clare to avoid rustic Cockneyism and 'Transplant Arcadia to Helpstone'. Keats's more perceptive criticism of Clare's *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery* holds true for *The Midsummer Cushion* as well. As reported by Taylor, who was also Keats's publisher, Keats thought Clare used images that were not called for by a particular sentiment. Now and then 'the description overlaid and stifled that which ought to be the prevailing idea'.

This is true. Clare's vulnerability to natural richness not only limited his poetry, it wrecked his life. The enclosures around Helpstone took away what he loved and substituted 'vague unpersonifying things'. Clare's village was destroyed by the very gentry from whom he was supposed to beg patronage. A literary plaything in London, Clare had trouble finding work even as a casual labourer back home. Amid such conflicts he found it harder and harder to know who he was, and his madness, when it came, took the appropriate form of schizophrenia.

In 'Remembrances', one of the finest poems of *The Midsummer Cushion*, Clare described this imposed alienation:

Inclure like a Buonaparte let not a thing remain
It levelled every bush & tree & levelled every hill
& hung the moles for traitors — though the brook
is running still
It runs a naked brook and chill

There are thousands of poems in which landscape pathetically reflects the loss of love, but in Clare the loss of a living landscape is reflected inward as loss of all joy.

But love never heeded to treasure up the may
So it went the common road with decay

For Clare the public and the private loss were one, and both were irrevocable.

R. W. Davies

Catching Up

Soviet Science by ZHORES A. MEDVEDEV
Oxford £5.95

The brothers Medvedev – Roy, the historian, still in Moscow, and Zhores, the biochemist, in enforced exile in Mill Hill – greatly annoy both the Soviet authorities and most emigré dissidents. Their frank and ruthless appraisal of the Soviet scene goes far beyond what is officially acceptable in the Soviet Union. Their Marxist socialism, their hopes for reform within the existing system and their strong support for détente astonish Solzhenitsyn and infuriate his lesser associates. But for many in the West who seek to know and understand Soviet Russia, they are a constant source of illumination.

The present book, intended as a condensed history of Soviet science for the general reader, follows the author's major studies of *The Rise and Fall of T. D. Lysenko* and of scientific communication and lack of communication in the USSR (*The Medvedev Papers*). It is much slighter than its predecessors. Its account of pre-war developments is cursory and sometimes inaccurate; and its more detailed discussion of the main trends of the past 25 years is very uneven. Nevertheless, this is a valuable book, drawing on Dr Med-

vedev's huge personal store of knowledge, and raising major questions.

Dr Medvedev convincingly argues that the Brezhnev era has initiated a new period in Soviet scientific development. Under Khrushchev, scientists imprisoned by Stalin were rehabilitated, political controls over research were partly relaxed, and a determined effort was made to narrow the gap between Soviet and Western science. But Khrushchev followed the well-trodden path of copying and duplicating Western achievements, and endeavouring to equal the West in all branches of science and technology; this led to 'proliferation' and even 'hypertrophy' of scientific research. Sometimes large new research institutes were established simply on the basis of reports from prominent scientists that the United States was much more advanced in a particular science or technology.

After Khrushchev's fall, the policy of duplicating Western science was gradually abandoned; the Soviet economy, weaker than that of the United States, simply could not afford to equal the American civilian space and accelerator programmes, while at the same time trying to catch up a much more advanced American military technology. By 1971, according to Dr Medvedev, it was 'all too clear' that 'for the sake of the country's economic progress it was necessary to start real cooperation with the Western countries', and this was one of the crucial factors in the move towards détente in 1971. Certainly détente has brought about a major change in Soviet policy for science and technology. In 1977 imports of Western equipment were five times as high as in 1970; and often, despite

Western fears, the USSR does not appear to be endeavouring to copy imported Western equipment and diffuse it; an international division of technological competence is recognised.

Dr Medvedev detects a similar trend in Soviet science as such. Soviet scientists are publishing more in Western journals; more genuine scientists of high quality are visiting the West. The quality of Soviet research has improved both because international cooperation and coordination are effective, and because Soviet science no longer has to try to equal the West across the board. Political interference in the substance of civilian research no longer occurs.

This relaxation has, however, been accompanied by a considerable tightening-up of controls over the politics of Soviet scientists. The power of party committees or bureaux in research institutes has been substantially strengthened. And while 'soft' methods rather than 'hard' are now more widely used to discourage dissidents, systematic efforts are made to block their promotion and even to prevent them following a scientific career. These measures coincided with what Dr Medvedev calls the 'individualistic methods and publicity' of the major dissident figures. Solzhenitsyn 'appealed to old religious values'; Sakharov praised 'the indisputable advantages of free-enterprise societies'. These views could not receive serious support from within, and, according to Dr Medvedev, were a major factor, together with the subtler political controls, in the decline of dissent among Soviet scientists since its peak in 1972-73. At present an uneasy equilibrium has been reached.

Kingsley Amis

Collected Poems 1944-79

'Marvellously readable . . .
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expression of a moral personality
coming to terms with the world'

Clive James, *New Statesman*

Hutchinson
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John Spurling

Mirror Image

The Book of Sand by JORGE LUIS BORGES
translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni
Allen Lane £5.95

The dozen or so short stories on which Borges's reputation rests were all written between 1939 and 1945. They did not appear in English until the early Sixties, when Borges himself was over 60, but their peculiar flavour came from much further back than the Forties. Borges grew up on a diet of English literature: Twain, Poe, Burton, Carroll, Stevenson, Wells and Chesterton. So much so that, as he writes in *An Autobiographical Essay*, 'when later I read *Don Quixote* in the original, it sounded like a bad translation'. The stories in *Ficciones* are less Spanish than Edwardian, a strange late flowering in another language of a tradition by then temporarily discredited. The scholarly, aristocratic artificiality of the stories was what stuck out, their treatment of characters merely as elements in a plot, their aesthetic, philosophical approach. It was not so obvious (the fashion then being to wear your heart on your sleeve) that this writer had a heart at all. On the other hand, for those who distrusted hearts on sleeves and were bored by the narrow, subjective pound of naturalism, *Ficciones* offered vertiginous flights of fancy and, for writers especially, a key back into the immense resources of history, literature and speculation. Nabokov offered one too, but Borges's modesty and gentle sense of humour made him the more sympathetic master.

Borges himself, however, was by then virtually blind and had returned to writing poems. His poems are at once more ordinary and more personal than his fiction. They are mostly descriptive, elegiac pieces, with time, death and destiny as their themes. The solitary, bookish old gentleman who is only glimpsed in the narrator of the stories here lays aside his sharp, exhilarating imagination. The best poems are those like *Conjectural Poem* or *The Golem* which are essentially stories in verse.

The truth is that Borges has a very soft heart. He loves the most obvious things about the world – its homely details such as streets and patios, its sunsets, its multitudinous odds and ends – as well as friends, books, writers and courage. These things are not easy to celebrate directly and Borges succeeds no better than most when he tries. His genius lies in the use of mirrors. When Borges holds the mirror up to nature, he reflects everything the wrong way round: the natural randomness of life becomes the systematised randomness of *The Babylon Lottery*; the almost infinite individuality of literature and the vast scope of language become the actually infinite but collective and meaningless *Library of Babel*; *Don Quixote* becomes in the hands of Pierre Menard a ghastly academic abortion. The effect of reading *Funes the Memorious* is to make you appreciate forgetfulness, just as the point of the labyrinths is to direct you back gratefully to a world which is not one. The absolute difference between the nightmares of Kafka and Borges is the presence of Borges's narrator. Like Dante's Virgil he leads you out of the abyss as well as into it.

Borges's most recent fiction, *Dr Brodie's Casebook* (published in 1970), was a collection of what he called 'straightforward' stories, with mostly Argentinian settings. In fact, these tales of gauchito duels and throat-cuttings were quite as hellish, quite as monstrous in their way as the overtly fantastic tales and with the same effect. 'Nazism,' wrote Borges in an essay in which he compared it to being a Gaucho, 'suffers from unreality, like Erigena's hells. It is uninhabitable; men can only die for it, lie for it, kill and wound for it.'

The 13 stories in *The Book of Sand*, whose English edition, translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, also includes a selection of recent poems translated by Alastair Reid, mark a return to fantasy, but in a minor vein. Borges himself likes 'The Congress' – his forewords and afterwords are as lively and disarming as always – but it is a poor ghost of 'Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius' from *Ficciones*, precisely because it returns so precipitately to mundane reality and explicitly celebrates it. The title story is a paler re-run of 'The Library of Babel', 'The Mirror and the Mask' transposes the Chinese Emperor and Poet from the resonant 'Parable of the Palace' to ancient Ireland, but softens them and the parable in the process, and so on. 'I cannot promise,' Borges freely admits, 'more than these few

variations on favourite themes.' But there is one story, 'Utopia of a Tired Man', which is new. The narrator calls at a lonely house and there meets a man from the future. There is nothing terrible about the future, except that it is so calm and restful, without governments, poverty, books or friends. Everybody does his own thing, tastefully and wisely. It is a kind of William Morris world taken to the extreme. At the end, the man from the future walks calmly into a handy crematorium. The too blatant contentment with the ordinary world which takes the sting out of the other stories is here reversed, so that we suddenly see Borges's own old age as the real parable.

The poems in the second half of the book are not very memorable, except for 'A Minor Poet', which I quote in full: 'The goal is oblivion./ I have arrived early'. In the case of Borges the storyteller, in spite of this rather tired book (he is, after all, 80 this year), one may confidently hold that epitaph up to the mirror.

Diane Johnson

Moleism, Gooseism

Reflections of a Friendship: John Ruskin's Letters to Pauline Trevelyn 1848-1866
edited by Virginia Surtees Allen & Unwin
£10

Savage Ruskin by PATRICK CONNER Macmillan £8.95

Like many great writers, Ruskin was not a great letter-writer, but because, like other Victorians, his correspondence was enormous, the wonder is that he could be interesting at all, let alone so often Ruskinian – admonitory, descriptive, confiding, or playful, in that tone of 'avuncular playfulness' that has been described as the besetting fault of his style. This collection, carefully edited and annotated by Virginia Surtees, consists of letters written by Ruskin to Pauline and Walter Trevelyan



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The New Yorker

£5.50

DENT

between 1848 and 1866 (the year of her death), some letters by Lady Trevelyan to the Ruskins, and some by Effie and John James Ruskin to her.

Several of these are of particular interest, especially those of Effie, who was a wonderful, swift, vivid letter-writer to 'Dearest Pauline' during the fateful Scottish painting party which was to deepen her acquaintance with Millais - who was with the Ruskins to paint John's portrait - and strengthen her intention of leaving Ruskin. (Matters not mentioned, however, in the letters. After the separation, Dearest Pauline would drop Effie for the more famous Ruskin.) Lady Trevelyan's letters describing the work of Rossetti and his friends on the Oxford Union are thought to be the only existing description of that project; and, in an appendix, is Ruskin's letter to Henry Acland explaining his version of his marital trials, a letter which he asks Acland to forward to Sir Walter Trevelyan ('It would save me the trouble & pain of writing another letter like this...').

Of the various moods of his letters, Ruskin is probably best at admonition, as he must himself have realised when he came to adopt an epistolary framework for *Fors Clavigera*. When Lady Trevelyan expresses the common Victorian relish for the Crimean War ('It's such a wonderful thing and will do everybody such a quantity of good and shake up the lazy luxurious youth of England out of conventionalism & affection to manhood and nobleness'), Ruskin rebukes her, saying that it is 'intense folly - jobbery - wrongheaded wretchedness of insuperable - impenetrable Donkeyism - Moleism - Gooseism - Slothism - and if there be any animal that has no eyes - nor feet - nor brain - nor ears - that animalism.' Most of the communications, however, are milder and more utilitarian than this, directed to the complicated logistics of social acquaintance - explaining by what conveyance bits of tile or rock will be transported, announcing that a drawing has been finished or sent, accounts of safe arrivals, prospective partings, and, in this case, quite a lot to do with the ordering and receiving of lace caps

Peter Porter

About on the Serchio

Shelley's unfinished poem must have been written near the mouth on the flat dull stretch to Pisa.

Here, by the Devil's Bridge,
a glint on water is pollution,
though the heaped-up stones hide anglers
and hang-gliders float
impudently down.

I am used to Tuscany
but not to the Garfagnana,
to the Beatles from a top piazza,
to SKYLAB and the high green figs.

There is no cure for the eye
and its pronouns
unless unhappiness be starved
like saints out of their country
of memory among the chestnut groves.



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From Government Bookshops
in London, Edinburgh, Cardiff,
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and collars from Lady Trevelyan, who was the benefactress of a cottage lace-making industry.

One difficulty for Ruskin biographers is the absence of a collected edition of Ruskin's letters. Published separately in the last two decades alone are Ruskin's letters to Froude, Sydney Carlyle Cockerell, William Ward, Swinburne, Fanny Talbot, Bernard Quaritch, Charles Elliot Norton, Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, the children of Winnington Hall, Mary and Helen Gladstone – to name but a few. Where comparison of them is possible, Ruskin is often revealed to be different things to different people at the same time. Here, for instance, we find him writing sprightly, rather cheerful letters to Pauline Trevelyan, barely mentioning 'Rosie' at the same time that he writes distracted, anxious confessions of misery to Lady Mount-Temple about her. A collected letters (though probably too large to be feasible) would illumine the always interesting question of Ruskin's state of mind; but each new evidence of it, like this welcome volume, adds something to our picture of this puzzling man.

Recently a number of helpful general works on Ruskin have appeared, in the spirit of encouraging a wider reading of his work and providing a better understanding of his theoretical and critical positions: among these are books by Robert Hewison, John Unrau, Arnold Whittick, Jay Fellows, and a reissue of Quentin Bell's brief study of Ruskin. Patrick Conner's *Savage Ruskin* is directed particularly at Ruskin as critic, attempting to suggest answers to such questions as 'What did Ruskin admire, what did he hate, and why? How did his taste differ from the tastes of fellow-critics? What made his writing so much more persuasive than theirs?' Large questions, of course, and if they are not answered completely, they are addressed. Mr Conner feels that Ruskin's ultimate social criticism was owing, perhaps, not so much to a sudden blinding light of social sympathy as to his confidence in analysis – 'his belief that each

society could be analysed into detailed collective character-traits, which by its own momentum led him to explore the fundamentals of his own society.' Conner interestingly derives many of the characteristics of Ruskin's analysis from traits manifested in the early

Poetry of Architecture, and discusses the critical influences on Ruskin's thought. This brief, learned book also includes the general facts of Ruskin's biography, as it relates to his thinking, and is therefore useful as an introductory study.

Blake Morrison

An Armed Minority

The Moment of 'Scrutiny' by FRANCIS MULHERN NLB £11.75

The Left's preoccupation with Leavis is, on the face of it, a puzzling one, its desire to appropriate him about as perverse as enlisting Sade in the cause of feminism (though that, of course, has been done too). Not only did Leavis explicitly criticise the Left on many occasions, dissociating himself from what he saw as the chic 'Marxising' of the 1930s, but his ideas about culture and education have come to be seen as 'reactionary' ones. Nearly all Leavis's *Scrutiny* colleagues, moreover, seemed to share these ideas. If you look up the index for the magazine, you'll find under 'Marxism' the following sub-headings (note the nice use of alliteration as pejorative): 'aggressiveness of apologists', 'cultural interests confined to economic factors', 'economic systems unable to make ethical judgments', 'fanaticism of its followers', and so on – impossible to imagine more implacable opposition.

And yet without Leavis the Marxist intelligentsia in this country would be much depleted and very different in appearance. In the 1940s and early 1950s, *Scrutiny* had a crucial impact on intellectuals later to make their name on the Left – Raymond Williams and Richard Hoggart among them. And

though the New Left of the last ten years has taken a much tougher line on the magazine, deploring its insistence on the minority and its proto-Black Paper line on education, at least a few of its members have greeted *Scrutiny* as 'a natural ally of the Left'. *Scrutiny*'s seriousness, its nurturing of a committed (as opposed to servile) intelligentsia, its critique of bourgeois, metropolitan culture – these, it is claimed, make Leavis and his colleagues an inspiring precedent, a kind of advance party.

Francis Mulhern's *The Moment of 'Scrutiny'* is the first study to explore in detail the tensions of Leavis's political and cultural allegiances. It is also the first substantial account of *Scrutiny*'s 22-year history, and this alone will make it indispensable for years to come. The emphasis is on *Scrutiny* 'not as the "expression" of a master-subject (Leavis) but as a play of many voices' (Q. D. Leavis, L. C. Knights, Denys Thompson, Wilfrid Mellers, Boris Ford, Derek Traversi and D. W. Harding among them), so that there's a refreshing lack of the usual chit-chat about Leavis's open-necked shirt, hairy chest and morning jogging. In terms of analysing *Scrutiny*'s stance, Mulhern does not add a great deal to what has already been said by Raymond Williams in *Culture and Society*, by Perry Anderson in his essay 'Components of the National Culture', and by Terry Eagleton in *Criticism and Ideology*; and parts of his book lose track of any overall argument and simply paraphrase *Scrutiny* articles – such dull paraphrasing, too (even if not quite as dimwitted as Ronald Hayman's in his *Leavis*), that it's not likely to encourage that younger generation of readers which Mulhern (b.1952) addresses to go to the magazine themselves. But *The Moment of 'Scrutiny'* undoubtedly fills a gap; and when in the last chapter we do finally get some sustained argument it is trenchant and persuasive.

Mulhern sees the typical *Scrutiny* article as having a common pattern of 'advance, strain and withdrawal' – and the overall development of the magazine also falls into these three phases. It began, with buoyant idealism, as a kind of 'solution' to 'the generalised crisis of the Victorian order that set in after the First World War'. Literature, for Leavis as for Arnold before him, being a repository of moral values, literary criticism as practised by *Scrutiny* was to be a humanising force, a guide to right living. More modestly, *Scrutiny* was simply a collaboration between the Leavises – by 1932 already beginning to come into conflict with the English faculty at Cambridge – and the postgraduates who used to meet at their house (of these the key figure was L. C. Knights, who drafted the manifesto for the inaugural issue). In the years 1932-39, Mulhern argues, *Scrutiny* was at its most radical,

Daniel Patrick Moynihan

with Suzanne Weaver

A DANGEROUS PLACE

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Paul Johnson, *Evening Standard*

£6.95

Secker & Warburg

and he discerns 'a clear general bias towards the Left'. But with the second world war, and plans for social reform in Britain, it began to see its role not as an opponent of the Establishment but as an advisor: Leavis's series of essays on 'Education and the University' seems to have been written in the hope of influencing official state policy. When, in the post-war years, Leavis realised that his advice was being ignored, his disillusionment and bitterness grew: that, and the dispersal of the crucial inner circle of contributors, hastened *Scrutiny's* end. On its closure in 1953, Leavis's reputation was probably at its peak, but this 'victory' seemed more like defeat. 'I am beaten', Leavis confided to Storm Jameson, and later added that both he and his wife believed their lives had been sacrificed 'for nothing'.

Mulhern's is a neat and convincing assessment, but his pattern of 'gradual decline', so often adopted by Leavis himself when describing the development of individual writers, doesn't perhaps pay sufficient attention to the strain of reaction that was there from the beginning. Despite its broad cultural and educational objectives, *Scrutiny* was always more rearguard than vanguard, offering that 'resistance by an armed and conscious minority' which Q. D. Leavis had called for in *Fiction and the Reading Public*. Locating its ideal organic society further and further back in time, it attacked the Left Book Club for lowering standards, had barely a good word for film and popular music, and wrote off contemporary poetry in the name of rigour (Auden, for example, was accused of 'irresponsibility', 'immaturity' and 'shameless opportunism'). And when the magazine wasn't resisting, it was omitting and evading: omitting, as if above the struggle, any mention of the outbreak of the second world war, evading – whenever under pressure to state its political or literary assumptions – all efforts to pin it down. It was one of Leavis's proudest boasts, and undeniably a part of his greatness (it contributed to the subtlety and flexibility of his prose), that he never consented to 'show his colours'. In the face of such a record, the Marxist attempt to treat *Scrutiny* as a model of intellectual revolt looks more than a little desperate.

Francis Mulhern, to be fair to him, is well aware of the contradictions in the magazine's ideology, and it is a mark of his own potential as a critic, and of the increasing sophistication of Marxist literary criticism of the last decade, that these contradictions are dealt with so articulately: for him, finally, *Scrutiny* was

a moralistic revolt from within the given culture: bearer not of an alternative order but of the insistence that the existing order should live by its word...

But contradictions remain and further study of *Scrutiny* will have to consider them: the contradiction between *Scrutiny's* 'humane', 'responsible' theory and its regressive practice; between the supposed break with haut bourgeois bellettrism and the continuing use of its highbrow sneer; between the declaration of an open and co-operative relationship with readers, and the manipulative effort to 'get them to agree' (this last tension beautifully epitomised in Leavis's question/statement 'This is so, isn't it?'). Above all, there is the question which *Scrutiny* posed, both directly and by its own outstanding success, about Marxism's sensitivity (or lack of it) in dealing with literature. What James Fenton said in

these columns a few weeks ago ('the realm of aesthetics is the last in which I should trust Marxism') *Scrutiny* was saying nearly 50 years ago: H. A. Mason spoke of 'an undue subordination of poetry to the exigencies of economic argument'; Leavis of the 'inadequacy' of Marxism's 'provision for human values'; and L. C. Knights, most memorably, of how in Marxist criticism 'essential life slips through the mesh'. Nowadays, Leavisian notions of the 'life' of a literary text no longer look very sound, but nor will they quite go away; and if the Left is to answer *Scrutiny's* 'call to struggle' it will have to come to terms with them. In the meantime, by showing what *Scrutiny* stood for, Francis Mulhern has made a valuable start.

Arthur Marshall

Darling Man

J. M. Barrie and the Lost Boys by ANDREW BIRKIN Constable £6.95

Mr Birkin's fascinating book, to which full marks in every way, is the story of a rather unusual love affair between a married and middle-aged author of repute and five small boys. You raise your eyebrows, and you may well. Barrie could waggle his, as a party trick, and wiggle his ears too to ensnare young people, preferably male though occasionally a small girl qualified. We owe the resistible name 'Wendy' to W. E. Henley's daughter, Margaret, who called Barrie 'my Friendly' but was unable to pronounce her r's and the word came out as Wendy. Oh dear.

It was Barrie's custom to stroll in Kensington Gardens wearing a bowler hat and an over-large overcoat and here one day in 1897 he met the two eldest of what were to be five

brothers, George and Jack, rigged out in blue blouses and red tam-o'-shanters and at that time aged five and four. It was, on his and George's sides anyway, love at first sight. The boys were the sons of a reasonably successful barrister called Arthur Llewelyn Davies and his wife, Sylvia, daughter of George du Maurier and brother of Gerald. Barrie, a victim of both an unhappy marriage and thwarted paternity, latched firmly on to this ready-made family and stuck to them like glue, warmly welcomed by Sylvia but initially resented by Arthur. The other three brothers, Peter, Michael and Nicholas ('Nico') duly appeared and were an equal enchantment to the lonely and moody little genius barely five feet tall. Thus was formed a strange *ménage à trois*, or *ménage à huit* if you tot them up.

One would not, I think, much have cared to be Mrs Barrie. Her life was never a whole rackful of fun. She can hardly have failed to notice that her husband's heart, if nothing else, was elsewhere. She had been an attractive actress called Mary Ansell but now, as Mr Birkin drily observes, 'her acting career consisted largely of disguising her feelings in front of others'. It is not easy to imagine Barrie as a husband and it seems likely that nothing very substantial went on maritally. They were childless. 'Our love has brought me nothing but misery', he moaned. When a chance of romantic happiness came along, Mary wisely took it and escaped to Gilbert Cannan.

It was an excellent solution for both the Barries. For him there were endless games and fun with the young quintet. Holidays were spent together. Peter Pan was inspired and born. Barrie was an ardent photographer and many of the snaps here reproduced are his own (steel yourselves for a highish percentage of bare bums). He was by now a rich man (in 1906 alone he earned £44,000) and he was a generous one. The boys lacked nothing. They had become his whole life ('I grudge any blank day without them').

His love stood both the test of time and of trouble. Family disasters came thick and fast

Stanislaw Lem

A PERFECT VACUUM

The master of pastiche performs dazzling acrobatics on the theme of books yet to be written. "Scientist, philosopher, futurologist, novelist, trickster... he is one of the most intelligent, erudite, and comic writers working today."

Anthony Burgess, Observer

Translated from the Polish by Michael Kandel

£4.95

Secker & Warburg

and throughout Barrie behaved impeccably. Arthur died of cancer, aged 44, and Sylvia followed him three years later. George was killed in the war. Michael (perhaps the favourite of all) was drowned at Oxford, possibly suicidally. Peter, though Barrie did not live to know it, threw himself under a train. Jack, the only one who didn't return the adoration, lived on, and Nico, who immensely did, lived on too and is now the last survivor. The best part of Barrie's dream world crumbled cruelly during his lifetime.

But of course over the whole episode a giant question mark hovers. Was he or wasn't he? Did he or didn't he? This is the moment for plain speaking. Those of us who have been on the receiving end of a dedicated paedophile's attentions will know full well the total ruthlessness of the aggressor and the readiness to risk all ('Pray you, undo this button') to achieve the end in view. Dementedly devoted though Barrie was, nobody could call him ruthless. There is another thing. The arrival of puberty and, with it, pubic hair is known to cool off the paedophile's ardour no end. A good wine, they seem to think, needs no bush. But Barrie's deep affections, especially for George and Michael, merely increased with manhood. It was pure love all right.

The last word must belong to the last surviving loved one, Nico, who is in the best position to judge. 'Of all the men I have ever known, Barrie was the wittiest, and the best company. He was also the least interested in sex. He was a darling man. He was an innocent; which is why he could write *Peter Pan*.'

New Books from Over the Water:

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Antony Polonsky Speaking Out

The Kremlin's Dilemma: The Struggle for Human Rights in Eastern Europe by TUF-TON BEAMISH and GUY HADLEY *Collins* £5.95.

Tufton Beamish and Guy Hadley take as their point of departure the Helsinki Agreement of 1975. As they correctly point out, this, by its commitment in 'basket three' to the principle of the free exchange of opinions and its guarantee of civil and political rights in all the signatory states, has given rise to a considerable increase in political opposition in the Soviet-dominated states of Eastern Europe, especially in Poland, Czechoslovakia and East Germany. The various elements which make up the dissident or opposition movements in all these countries are clearly set out in their book and the accounts of Romania, Bulgaria and East Germany are particularly valuable.

As an analysis of the political system which prevails in Eastern Europe, the book is far less satisfactory. The increasing complexities of modern government have meant that no East European government can any longer be described as monolithic. Totalitarianism has everywhere been replaced by a system most accurately characterised as 'consultative authoritarianism'. The ultimate power of the party apparatus is not in doubt, but many pressure groups and special interests have developed, whose desires have to be taken into account. The differences between the political cultures of the various states have also created markedly different styles of politics from country to country, something which is described briefly but not analysed by Beamish and Hadley.

Beamish and Hadley's book is entitled *The Kremlin's Dilemma*. They argue that the 'satellite countries are now becoming more of a liability than an asset to their Soviet masters'. In addition, 'a firmer and more united Western line to counter the world-wide ambitions of Soviet imperialism' should be adopted, for, they claim, 'there are weaknesses in the Soviet position, especially of an economic nature which should be used to strengthen the Western hand in negotiations.' There is some truth in these assertions, but they fail to take into account either the difficulties involved or the complexities of the situation in Eastern Europe. A principle Soviet objective, at least since 1939, has been to establish and maintain a secure hold over the states on the western border of the USSR. There is no reason to believe that Soviet thinking is about to change on this subject.

Beamish and Hadley say little about present-day Soviet policy, as exemplified, for instance, in the Brezhnev doctrine, and one is tempted to argue that a Soviet push into Yugoslavia after Tito's death is rather more likely than any Soviet withdrawal. Indeed, the Soviets have in recent years attempted partly to replace crude methods of political domination by economic pressure. In this respect, the oil crisis has weakened the ability of the states

of Eastern Europe, apart from Romania, to defy the Kremlin and they are also dependent on Soviet supplies of other key raw materials.

In a way the situation is a vicious circle which resembles that of 19th-century Russia, which was also confronted by nationalist movements on its western borders. The Soviet leadership seems to believe that no significant concessions can be made in the state of Eastern Europe for fear of sparking off demands for similar changes in the USSR. At the same time, any liberalisation in the Soviet Union is seen as dangerous precisely because it is likely, as in 1956, to trigger off more radical upheavals in Eastern Europe. Any major changes in the area would thus seem to be dependent on the emergence in the Soviet Union of a coalition of economic reformers, nationalist decentralisers and liberal intellectuals similar to the one which emerged during the Prague Spring. Of this there seems little likelihood in the near future.

Christopher Reid Utopian Farming

Every nation is to be considered advisedly, and not to provoke them by any disdain, laughing, contempt, or suchlike, but to use them with prudent circumspection, with all gentleness, and courtesy.

Sebastian Cabot: *Ordinances*

Great maps of dung obliterate the path –
Elizabethan guesswork, or
the aftermath of Ayrshire cows,
come to give milk in the morning.

Real life resumes, as we follow them,
browsing with brooms,
to smudge away these new-found continents,
suds of urinous seas.

Our delicate tubs of fecundity
never quite know which way to go,
hung between legs with swashbuckling,
cream-bag udders, in lieu of rudders.

With kohl-eyed figureheads, beautiful
and dim – if they prance
out of line (manoeuvring sideways),
we morris-dance them back as we can.

Meanwhile, the pigs comport
themselves in their sties like Falstaffian
generals, slumped
with buckled muzzles and small,
pouched eyes.

We are like sutlers, bringing them water
and nuts,
or leaning down to tickle their flanks,
white bristles stiff, as if
from years of soldierly grooming.

Our service seems a kind of a meditation,
and meditation akin to ridicule.
I love to be here, private,
subversive and free, in friendly company,
where pigs on tip-toes
piss with such a haunted look,
you'd swear there was something amiss,
and sleep-walking cattle dump wherever
they go.

Hens are galleon-hulled: we take them
by storm,
plucking the eggs from under their bodies,
bony and warm – freebooters against
a proud and panicky-wheeling armada.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Coleman

Holly Picking

The Buddy Holly Story (A) *Classic, Haymarket and Oxford Street; Scene; selected Odeons*

The Music Machine (A) *Rialto*

Quintet (AA) *Cinecenta*

Oliver's Story (A) *Ritz*

Buddy Holly, for those with musical horizons as bounded as my own, was a rock 'n' roll singer, song-writer and guitarist who died in a plane crash in February 1959, at the age of 22. By all accounts, he was something of a pioneer, combining in his work the black rhythm-and-blues sound with the country sound of the Fifties. His career was short and heady: his songs are experiencing a revival, through such performers as Linda Ronstadt. But perhaps the best reason for a biopic, *The Buddy Holly Story*, about this fellow, one among several, after all, is to be found in a folder accompanying the film: '... it would be difficult... to glamourise the lives of many of the more famous rock stars, some dead and others still living, because of their heavy involvement in the drug scene. No such-association with drugs touched Holly's life.'

And indeed, anyone in the mood for a painless, startlingly wholesome, damn near anodyne tale of Making It, from playing at the roller rink in home-town Lubbock, Texas to the big time – with marriage to a nice Puerto Rican girl Maria along the way – should scurry to have their ears blasted and minds untouched. Steve Rash's first feature, basically a vehicle for a dozen or so songs, moves quite drily along, helped by Robert Gittler's script which allows for the occasional dramatic stop-off: Buddy's visit to Maria's aunt, who has old-fashioned ideas about musicians; Buddy being interviewed (apocryphally, one suspects) by a mad disc-jockey over the phone, whereupon a mishearing about an intrusive insect led to the Holly men being dubbed The Crickets; and, oh my sepia-tinted specs, an appearance by the group at the Apollo in New York. This last is a right old molasses-soaked sop to the liberal conscience: the audience at the Apollo, you see, is all-black, expecting a black combo; but, after an instant of stunned silence, heads are a-nodding, hands a-clapping and there's dancing in the aisles. All God's chillun got rhythm – and, to cap the happiness, role-reversal is pursued at the black hotel where the Crickets merrily sign in as a black musician's three valets.

Elsewhere, the prevailing musical philosophy is expressed with incandescent clarity by Buddy: 'We make a sound together and when it feels good we put it on a tape.' Mr Holly, of the big capped teeth and hornrims (eerily reminiscent at times of Harold Lloyd's go-getting college boy), appears to be well impersonated physically by one Gary Busey, who also picks the guitar and howls the ballads. How like he is to the ur-'sound' only buffs will know. Projects of this order (*Lady Sings the*

Blues comes to mind) strike me as liable to fall between two stools, in that they cannot exactly reproduce the original beloved noise and are unlikely to recreate anything of equal, if different, worth. By their nature parasitic, they ought also to be seen as insulting by the cognoscenti. But that, as Buddy snarl-smiles repeatedly, is showbiz.

While on parasites, we might pass to a tawdry domestic spin-off from American disco febrilities, *The Music Machine*, which commutes between that Camden haven and a tower block where lives the young hero, Gerry (Gerry Sundquist), and his quipping parents. After a speak-your-weight opening during which an understandably uncredited James Villiers – behind a moustache – and others figure as evil film-makers ('This disco picture's going to be big – it'll make millions') setting up a dance contest to find their stars, Gerry loses his girl partner to her jealous boyfriend but is taken up by the Machine's genial black DJ (excellent Clarke Peters), taught to drop that 'honky hustle shit' and found a new dance companion in the mysterious person of pretty, middle-class, befurred Patti Boulaye. A cut-price Travolta is our Gerry's chief rival, abetted by a crooked club manager and three motorbike ruffians. There is another of those fashionable role-reversal gags, as patronising in their way as bad old Uncle Tomfoolery, when Patti takes working-class Gerry back to her beaming, wealthy black papa (it turns out they came all the way from Maidstone – joke); and a sublimely phony up-beat end, in no sense reinforced by the fact that Gerry and Patti's routine is the worst on the floor. Esther Rantzen appears as Esther Rantzen, ill-lit, one of the judges. Best line is purloined from Barry Humphries: when drunk Gerry has been sick in the lift, dad talks of a 'technicolor yawn'. That yawn spreads.

Robert Altman's capacity to surprise is undiminished. Every once in a while, as if tranced, he seems to succumb to an inner voice better left unheard. *Quintet* is even worse than that tinkling enigma, *Images*, which revolved around a barmy Susannah York. Here the time is post-holocaust, the terrain frozen wastes enshrining an icicled, ruined city: the main building was actually the 'Man and His World' pavilion from Expo '67 and exteriors were shot in Frobisher Bay, Canada, where they might well have been buried, too. Everything goes in fives: city-levels, ages of man, sides of pentagons, and – of course – the Game itself. The players are from all over: Bibi Andersson, Vittorio Gassman, Fernando Rey, David Langton (for Britain), Paul Newman, with pregnant Brigitte Fossey getting killed off early. The Game, invented by Altman, uses strange tokens, has no rules immediately discernible and probably won't be on sale next Xmas: cryptic remarks suggest it is both Life and, with its high death-factor, what makes life an ongoing proposition. 'Eet's

feeling the threel of adrenalin running through your body,' proposes Rey as referee and player, looking like a tattered refugee from Chaucer or the *Arabian Nights*. Newman, as stunned stoical hero and maybe winner, just looks bewildered. Frames are frosted at the corners, there is an Information Room where broken glass plans of the city revolve aimlessly, black dogs chew at huddled corpses; such images are relentlessly sauntered around by a busy, elegant camera. But the film's terms of reference are all inward, gnostic, self-feeding and ultimately devoid of nourishment.

'She's not in there, Oliver. She's somewhere else.' New viewers, begin here. *Love Story* had Jenny dead. *Oliver's Story* starts at her funeral with her father explaining the facts of death rather ineptly to Oliver over her coffin. Oliver then wants to be alone. 'Phil, this is my time with her, please.' First reprise of Francis Lai's mercilessly unforgettable 'Oliver's Theme'. Oliver (Ryan O'Neal again: sample line of auto-critique in this one – 'Oh, I can be quite a creep when I want to be') briskly meets father-in-law, fun-loving Phil again. Phil: 'What do you do for kicks? ... It's been two years.' Oliver: 'It's been 18 months ...' Phil: 'Oh, yeah. I meant, approximately.' Thus encouraged, Oliver takes a few moments out of his 20-hour day as a crusading lawyer to have an affair with filthy rich businesswoman Marcie (Candice Bergen). They go to travelogue Hong Kong and he is reassured, somewhat, about child labour conditions in her factory: all the same, they break up. Instead, Oliver has a big, lumpy reconciliation with his filthy rich dad, Ray Milland, mill-owner: 'It was just that the mill took you away from us so much. Father, I'll help in any way I can.' If this new length of nothing registers anything at the box-office, it is that *Love Story* means never having to say you're sorry.

Television

Julian Barnes

See No Evil

I don't yet have the figures, or a bounding cuboid multi-coloured graph to display them, but I'm pretty sure that your turnout for *Europe Decides* (ITV) and *Decision for Europe* (BBC-1) was way down on your showing for the General Election. Very disappointing; apathy, disenchantment, call it what you will – but we TV critics have been working hard to get out the viewer, and look what we've been rewarded with. I'm almost inclined to borrow David Steel's epithet and call your performance 'disgraceful'.

Mr Steel, indeed, seemed the only politician on either channel with the guts to give the Euro-electorate a wiggling. David Owen produced the theory of the 'differential abstention' (which I must remember for the next time my party gets wiped out); but on the whole, those asked to explain why the polling booths were even less popular than leper colonies fell on that pacifying word 'exhausted' to describe the British electorate. Well, perhaps: all that shagging along to the

polling station, marking an enervating participatory cross, and fighting your way out through a herd of Marplan men – it does take it out of you. Odd, though, that the Italians, who had a general election only a few days before their Euro one, managed a macho 81 per cent turnout; but then I suppose the fortnightly democratic consultations they have down there must build up the voting muscles.

Or is it that in the hot countries elections are staged more like carnivals, and that participation is made a pleasure not a duty? At one point in the BBC's coverage, a sudden Eurovision hookup showed us a slice of the Italian action: a blonde in a skintight scarlet catsuit was belting out a Eurosong amid a harem of bottom-pointing male cuties. No wonder Robin Day's jaw was deep in his bow-tie with disbelief when we cut back to London. It didn't seem likely that over there the Italian viewer was having to put up with the equivalent of David Butler's dyslexia over 'Labour' and 'Conservative', with Alastair Burnet's indefatigable stock of personal titbits ('A Richmond councillor – his European connections include the fact that he has an Italian wife'), and with Peter Snow showing, on the basis of one result, a four-colour breakdown on the changes in Scotland since May. So maybe you, the viewers, were right to vote with your button-fingers. Those of us forced by professional obligation to watch it through noted that the BBC made a spirited comeback after their General Election trouncing (David Dimbleby's leisurely manner seemed better suited to an occasion when the ultimate result was correctly predicted almost at once).

The late Jack Pulman's *Crime and Punishment* (BBC-2) had several strong, intense scenes in it – Raskolnikov's series of half-confessions, Marmeladov's harangue, the drunken wake – and enclosed a number of fine performances: John Hurt's red-eyed, sulky, protean-mooded Raskolnikov; Beatrix Lehmann's reptilian pawnbroker; Timothy West's glabrous Porfiry. That it seemed finally more an adaptation consisting of good chunks than a risingly satisfying whole was in part a reflection of the clash of competence between TV and the novel (complex psychological exposition is not the forte of tube drama). It was also a reflection of the imperfections of the original: surely the theme of the redeeming Christian prostitute whose lambent grace can raise up the most fallen of heroes must rate as one of the more sentimental clichés of late 19th-century Russian fiction. Fortunately, with actors like Hurt around – who can take such lines as 'I didn't bow down to you, but to the whole of suffering humanity' and make them plausible, even viciously moving – there were some fallen bits of Dostoevsky which could also be raised up.

On *The South Bank Show* (LWT) Hurt revealed that it was he who had suggested an adaptation of *Crime and Punishment* to Pulman. Interestingly, he had confessed a few minutes earlier to never having read the book: 'It's my own pet theory . . . I never do any research at all . . . If I'd read the book, what difference would it have made?' One difference is that it might have made Hurt able to say something more interesting about Raskolnikov than 'I imagined him a thinker, a broody thinker . . . a clever man, a top student at the university'. No, that's how Dostoevsky imagined him. Hurt is undoubtedly a very talented actor, but his comments on *C&P* were of the sort even Miss Piggy might come

up with after a quick script-skim, and his principled aloofness from the original texts couldn't help registering as lack of curiosity, not to say bone idleness. Of his role as Caligula he said, 'I nearly turned it down because I didn't believe that anyone like that could run the whole of the Roman Empire'. Well, there are several good books on the subject, even if *I, Claudius* is on the long side. And a little background study might also have modified Mr Hurt's further comment on the homicidal emperor: 'He wasn't an evil man, because I don't believe in evil.'

Brazil: Children of the Miracle (Thames), Jonathan Dimbleby's third report from South America, suffered quite a lot from the dogmatic black-and-whiteness of its structure. From a languid shot of rich, bronzed Sao Paulo beach-loafers we cut to destitute street-arabs; from the roaring skyscrapers of the 'industrial miracle' we cut to shanty-town squalor. It's a telling – yet also so very untelling – technique: it's hard to think of a society which couldn't be filmed in exactly the same fashion. And so, while one felt reasonably sure that the Governor of Sao Paulo was just as big a shit as Dimbleby wanted us to believe, the way in which his interview was handled made one feel almost sympathetic towards him. You could bet that one approach the men from Thames didn't adopt was the strictly candid one: 'Now look here, Senor, we'll just film you strolling among your art treasures, and we'll ask you how much you spent on luxuries during your last trip to London, and then we'll take the film off, splice in a few shots of abandoned children, filthy hovels, that sort of thing, throw in a reference to your possible criminality, and leave it at that. Okay?'

As usual, though, Dimbleby produced some forceful statistics. Sao Paulo, the fastest-growing city in the world, has 600,000 discarded children on its streets; 40 children a day (that's 15,000 a year) are buried in one cemetery in the city – more children than adults; and the rate of infant mortality has actually gone up since the 'miracle'. The rich get richer, the poor get children, and the children of the poor get malnutrition. A mother, asked why the neighbours couldn't have helped her when her baby was dying, replied, 'The point is, the baby died on the 17th of the month; and by the 17th, the workers have no money left.' Statements like that you don't need to cross-cut with anything.

Screenwriting

Stanley Price

Jack Pulman: a Tribute

Jack Pulman, who died recently of a heart-attack at the age of 51, was a writer of immense dramatic talent. He has left many handsome memorials on our television screens, among them his classic adaptations of *The Golden Bowl*, *Portrait of a Lady*, *War and Peace*, *Looking for Clancy*, *I, Claudius*, and

most recently *Crime and Punishment*.

Jack's talent was outstanding even among the very select band of dramatists whose faithful, but originally-conceived adaptations gave Britain its pre-eminence as the producer of high-quality television drama. After the pioneering success of *The Forsyte Saga* in the United States, it was largely Jack's dramatic skills that consistently wooed Americans away from their late-night movies. Whether it was Tolstoy, Henry James or Robert Graves, Jack brought a quality of literary and historical integrity to the task of adaptation. This was perhaps illustrated most memorably in *I, Claudius*, which combined a genuine feeling for the Augustan setting with the gossipy, almost soap-opera flavour of the Graves original. It was Jack's own dramatic instincts, however, that caused hot dinners to wait on Caligula and Messalina in umpteen million homes round the world.

Yet even this distinguished list of television credits only scratches the surface of Jack's achievements and interests. He succeeded, as well as suffered, in all the hard arenas of dramatic writing. In the Sixties he wrote many films, including *The Executioner*, *Jane Eyre*, and *Kidnapped*, and served his time in the chaotic studios of European film-making. At the same time he was writing for the theatre. In 1967 his witty and underrated comedy *The Happy Apple* ran in the West End. The theatre was Jack's first love, but others of his stage-plays flourished in the baleful mazes of the theatre's star-casting system.

Jack had always refused to accept what he considered the artificial distinctions imposed on writers by the media. One was either a dramatist or not, and this talent should refuse to be typecast. When he finally concentrated on television it was because he found it a medium where he could indulge his fascination with history, and where the writer's prerogatives, after a hard fight, had been accepted. Jack had personally been involved in that fight. He had a passionate and rare concern in other people's writing, and in fighting on their behalf. Much of his precious spare time was devoted to the work of the Writers' Guild as a long-time member of its executive council, and as chairman of its film committee.

In the film industry, where corruption flowers at the drop of a coin, Jack concentrated his awesome wrath on writers who dodged the Guild's hard-won agreements, and on the producers who exploited this. To sit alongside Jack at a writers' negotiating body with film or TV producers was to observe proximity to an iceberg that could suddenly turn into a volcano. These passionate eruptions on behalf of writers' rights had an extraordinary and fiery articulacy that could reverse previously intransigent positions. Even those splattered by the lava always responded with cautious respect rather than anger. Only Jack's clear integrity made this possible. He cared enormously about justice and kindness. He gave unstintingly of himself to his family, his friends, and the cause of his fellow-writers. His memory will remain warm and cherished.

A Note on Credits. Apart from the plays mentioned by Stanley Price, Jack Pulman's titles included: TV Dramatisations – *Buddenbrooks*, *Christ Recrucified*; Original TV Plays – *You Can't Have Everything* (his first play), *Book With Chapters In It*, *The Long Echo*, *All You Young Lovers*, *Nearer to Heaven*, *Still Life*; Film Scripts – *Kiss The Girls And Make Them Die*, *Matchless*, *The Executioner*, *David Copperfield*, *Jane Eyre*; Novel – *Collision*.

What does the creature from the black lagoon have in common with dirty Harry?

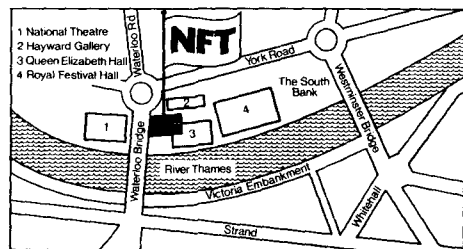
And the answer isn't that they've been shown in the same season at the National Film Theatre—but that might give you a clue...

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Incidentally, 'Dirty Harry' Clint Eastwood had a walk-on part as a lab assistant in 'Revenge of the Creature'—as if you didn't know....!

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Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Bits of People

Dispatches by MICHAEL HERR adapted by Bill Bryden and the company *Cottesloe*

An Empty Desk by ALAN DRURY *Theatre Upstairs*

Happy Days by SAMUEL BECKETT *Royal Court*

Somewhere in his book *Dispatches*, Michael Herr watches an American marine give each of 37 dead and dying Vietcong a spurt with his M-16. The man's face, when he returned, was

flushed and mottled and twisted like he had his skin on inside-out, a patch of green that was too dark, a streak of red running into bruise purple, a lot of sick grey white in between, he looked like he'd had a heart attack out there. His eyes were rolled up half into his head, his mouth was sprung open and his tongue was out, but he was smiling. Really a dude who'd shot his wad.

It is this sort of observation that gives his war-memoir the authenticity and immediacy which is (one supposes) its main justification; and yet it is precisely this that no actor can be expected to replicate, however committed, imaginative and technically adept he may be. They simply don't teach inside-out cheeks and rolled-up eyes at RADA, the Central, or even the experimentalist academy that Bill Bryden appears to be running in and around the Cottesloe. There are sandbags walling off the audience from the grubby rectangle in which the action occurs; there are green sacks purportedly packed with bits of people, and big bangs, and even tracer-bullets fizzing to and fro; there are men on stretchers and on the ground, clutching their throats and gurgling and dying, and men weaving from side to side of the acting-area in a valiant effort to suggest they're running under fire across a strip 40 times its size; and it all serves to demonstrate the limitations of even the most competent documentary drama when it goes foraging in the remoter reaches of exhaustion, fear, cynicism and hilarious despair.

Yet if Mr Herr's scurrying, breathless prose is rather better equipped to explore emotional outposts many of us would prefer not to think about, let alone visit, it does also have faults the theatre is able to some extent to correct. It is self-conscious, self-regarding stuff, much of it, and the excitement and exhilaration it conveys are even more at odds with the vileness of its story than the author's honesty (or self-absorption) obliges him to recognise. But on the stage the subjective inevitably becomes objective. The narcissistic 'I' is transformed into an earnest, nervous Jack Shepherd, his nose wrinkling like a rat's at the grisly happenings around him, and the very presence of all those journalists and cameramen turns out to be part of the sickness of the war. Vietnam itself becomes a vast, garish disco, complete with the rock band Mr Bryden has plumped on the west wall of the Cottesloe: Jimi Hendrix, pep pills, pot, hip language, and, everywhere, helmeted David Baileys hanging off their Leicas. Instant sensation, instant disposal: all very 1960s. But what is disappearing

through the invisible grille in the middle of the dance-floor is life after life after life.

Somewhere here is the principal contribution Mr Bryden and his cast make to the drama both of war and of this war. They tell us little we didn't know about the callous complacency of the American top brass and the contempt in which it was held by its mainly demoralised troops. They tell us little of any kind about the pattern, politics and morality of the conflict as a whole. That is seen, not from some historian's desert observatory, but from roughly the height of the eyes of a marine ducking below the line of an enemy machine-gun or grabbing an hour's sleep in beleaguered Khe Sanh. Thus information that might have swelled the files of Bertrand Russell's war-crimes tribunal tends to emerge glancingly, off-handedly: casual references to the wholesale destruction of villages; a woman prisoner thumped in the belly as she's led to the interrogation chamber; a Vietnamese boy rather improbably flying a kite in the cross-fire and then, much later, hopping onstage upon artificial legs; an officer's shrugging, 'you should have been here last month: we killed so many gooks it wasn't even funny'. No, the play's emphasis is rather the zonked and zapped GIs played by Michael Feast, Oscar James, Oliver Cotton and others: their camaraderie, their personal strategies for survival, their loathing of the war and occasional relish for it.

Relish: that is the point, though not quite the point Mr Herr may think he has made. Towards the end of both book and play a British correspondent named Page, rigid in a wheelchair, speaks of the impossibility of extracting the glamour from war: 'Can you take the glamour out of a Cobra or getting stoned at China Beach? It's like taking the glamour out of an M-79, or out of sex, or out of the Rolling Stones. It just can't be done.' And both Herr and his theatrical surrogate concur: the war was 'wonderful', 'what we had instead of happy childhoods'. But the weight of the evidence, at any rate on the stage, is that this was considerably less true of those 'grunts' actually doomed to fight than of the Herrs and Pages, the professional voyeurs, those who took enough risks to get high but rarely sufficient to get killed. The case is not straightforward, and there is, I admit, too much compassion and indignation in *Dispatches* for its author to be dismissed simply as a predatory bug drawn to the Vietnamese cesspit; yet that, or something like that, is surely part of the truth. What the play, more than the book, makes clear is that there are those who find other people's violence and suffering fascinating, thrilling, satisfying – and we may reasonably surmise that they include readers as well as writers, spectators as well as cameramen, public as well as press corps. The real use of the production at the Cottesloe may be that it asks us, not so much what we think of war in general and Vietnam in particular, but precisely why we are in the Cottesloe watching a production about the Vietnam war.

Upstairs at the Court is an intelligent, vividly written but somewhat inconclusive piece about an embryo bureaucrat pushed over the frontiers of endurance by circumstances professional and personal; and downstairs there's another revival of what's presumably Beckett's riposte to the friend who must once have come up to him and made the obvious plea – 'Look, Sam, why not write about a happy

person for a change?' The result is poor, half-crazed Winnie, buried up to waist or neck, and still acclaiming the wonders of life and her own good fortune. Peggy Ashcroft recently played the part with a deadened serenity, her beaten eyes contrasting with a sing-song complacency that became a mite monotonous. Billie Whitelaw leaves us in no less doubt that there's a lot of cloud behind her silver lining, but proves more resilient and also more varicous, capable of tenderness, despair, coquetry, a bitter, biting anger, and much else besides; and it's her performance which has the imprimatur of the author, because it's he who directed it.

Sport

Russell Davies

Brain & Box

Under a louring sky (Julian Barnes believes that all sports reports should begin thus, and this summer he has come into his own), your correspondent made his way to Fenner's again. His mission: to see what kind of a drubbing the Young Gentlemen would administer to Yorkshire in the absence of demon bowlers Old and Boycott. The match was sponsored by Sinclair Radionics, the Tiny Telly people, but the more ostentatious symbols of commercial involvement were parked behind your scribe's humble bench. Immediately to the rear a crimson Peugeot 504, unmissably marked 'BILL ATHEY, Yorkshire CCC and MCC, sponsored by PARK LANE GARAGES, Middlesbrough'; to either side, a similarly sizeable Ford marked down to Steve Oldhams ('BROOK SHAW of Sheffield') and a Chrysler bearing the names of Alan Ramage ('Middlesbrough FC and Yorkshire CCC') and another Teesside motor-mart. Having walked to the ground, one felt pretty cheap. Perhaps I should have a pair of shoes stencilled 'Russell Davies – NEW STATESMAN and Shanks's Ponies Ltd (Middlesbrough)'.

Any road up, as they say, the tyke motor-men were soon taking the field, and as the sun made the first of several noble efforts to break through, the window of a black and dented caravan behind our boundary seats was drawn scrapingly aside. The neo-beer-tent was open: a very present help in time of boredom, interest, etc. Soon the smack of all-weather polyurethane on leather, and vice versa, was reverberating once more over the ancient curves (with a v). All at once, it felt good to be half-dead. Evidently the YGs felt so too, for after Greig the Younger had been dropped in the gully off Oldham, he and his partner J.P.C. Mills put on 46 runs in rather fewer minutes. The number of easy leg-glances and heaving off-drives perpetrated bore witness to some rather sprayed-about bowling. Oldham at one point waxed shirty at getting sliced for 4 by Mills, and aimed a fairly sprightly bouncer at his head. One noted that the University batsmen wore no helmets. Presumably they can't afford them, what with May Ball tickets at 38 guineas a pair. So much for the theory, anyway, that brainy folk in the

Bonko Brearley academic tradition are the keenest to cocoon their skulls.

In due course, Greig played on to Stevenson (a faster bowler than TV gives him credit for) and Mills nicked an audible catch to Bairstow, leaving only the giant Pringle, Ultimo Carnera among undergraduates, standing between the YGs and their traditional collapse. 'At least these are *two true teams*', seethed the elderly lady sitting along the bench in Thatcher blue under a pessimistically raised umbrella; 'Yorkshire is true Yorkshire,' she explained, 'and the University . . . well . . .' The spirit of Rhodes Boyson must have glided by, for the remark died quietly away. The collapse, when it came, was a good one, Popplewell of Cambridge having to survive a hat-trick ball after Ramage – getting faster and faster as the deeds of Middlesbrough FC receded towards the back of his mind – had clean bowled two YGs in succession.

The customary lull before the luncheon interval offered an opportunity to reflect on England's Prudential triumph – not an inapt adjective for it – and to wonder whether we are entering for some reason upon an era when England's opponents will play determinedly into our hands. On the football field especially it is apparent just now that a reputation precedes us we didn't know we had. If Bulgaria and Sweden are anything to go by (and I'm told Bulgaria should be gone by whenever possible), foreign teams at the moment have nothing but a crude offside trap to offer against what they must see as England's teeming inventiveness. As a matter of fact, I think England's best team, if only Greenwood would pick it, might deserve this kind of flattering respect. Money and Clough and the European Cup have done wonders for Francis's morale, in particular, for he seems about twice as fast as before and potentially much more direct as well. Why he was not inspired, or advised, to run straight at the heart of the Swedish defence in the manner of Crazy Horse Hughes (playing above himself and, as usual, beside himself, at the same time), I cannot tell. It is clear, however, that this England team's style is gradually speeding up, leaving no time at all for an infuriating player like Currie, who has come to believe his own publicity – 'effortless, languid skill' and so on – so deeply that he sees it as a mark of virtuosity to accomplish everything at half-tempo. Not everyone should or could play like Keegan, admittedly; England's tactical pattern would very soon resemble Clapham Junction if they did. But neither can we any longer afford players whose taste for relaxation nullifies half the work that Keegan puts in. Keegan, of course, is overdoing it, which he enjoys. I only hope he is not overdoing overdoing it. All Europe now sees what an exemplary player he is: though anyone who is actually admired by Germans for his workrate probably needs no further endorsement.

Roused from these reflections by a cloud of dust and a hearty 'Well bowled, Phil!' from wicketkeeper Bairstow, I perceived that the giant Pringle had fallen over some part of himself and been bowled by Carrick, and that the close of the innings was imminent. The last two YG wickets fell almost undefended after lunch, with the sun shining and the crowd – now some 200 pensioners, students, self-employed skivers and victims of free enterprise capitalism strong – muttering their annual pretence at disappointment. As York-

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shire's Lumb and Athey (he of the GARAGES, Middlesbrough) strode in to build on a first innings lead of nearly 130, your reporter turned for home. His mission: to meet the NS's brutally early Euro-deadline – and to rejoice that he had thereby avoided having to turn out for Girton College Men (an inexperienced XI) against the University Women's team. My face, I grant, has long been in need of remodelling, but the thought of having to admit that the necessary surgery had been performed by a fast rising nip-backer from Deirdre Sprott of Newnham – well, that's more reality than the average sports fantasist can stand.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Symbolic

Fidelio Glyndebourne

Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria Glyndebourne

Peter Hall's new production of *Fidelio* at Glyndebourne snugly but wrongly domesticates the work, locating it in a suburban backyard where chickens peck, washing is strung out to dry, and Rocco cultivates his vegetable patch. The problem with this interpretation is that, although *Fidelio* begins cramped in quibbling domestic pettiness, it aggrandises and expands itself as it develops. Already in the overture, a scurrying comic triviality is interrupted, as Jaquino and Marzelline are during their duet, by portentous knocks at the door. That fateful summons, like the later celestial sounding of the trumpet which stays Pizarro, is the dread hand of symbolism, generalising the specific case. Though Marzelline's emotions are merely personal, Leonore graduates in the course of the action to a symbolic impersonality. Her heroism is disinterested: she is not a wife rescuing her husband, but woman redeeming man. In the dungeon, she solemnises this promotion to symbolic status by vowing to save the prisoner whether he is Florestan or not. Already in the canon quartet, Leonore is struggling to escape from personal emotions (Marzelline's embarrassing crush on her), which oppress and impede her. Her criticisms of Rocco's mercenariness or Marzelline's timidity are acts of symbolic censoriousness, reprobations of desires and doubts which are merely human.

Florestan in his aria refuses to complain,

Among this week's contributors:

JOHN WILLETT is joint editor of Brecht's collected works in English; co-editor of Brecht's *Poems 1913–1956*; and author of *The Theatre of Erwin Piscator*. His stage productions include *To Those Born Later*.

A. J. CHENNELLS, a third generation Rhodesian, teaches at the University of Rhodesia and has edited collections of black Zimbabwean writing.

CHRISTOPHER REID's first collection of poems, *Arcadia*, will be published by Oxford later this month.

because he believes his sufferings are appointed and measured by God for a purpose, which means that they must be symbolic. He tells Leonore and Rocco that they are emissaries sent by heaven to help him, and the trumpet's call to resurrection confirms this. Leonore advances from personal character to symbol. (The two prisoners who sing during the chorus are midway between these poles, interesting not for their individual fates but as representative cases.) Once she succeeds, Leonore herself no longer matters: 'Nichts, mein Florestan' is her self-elimination. In the final scene individuality is ceremonially discarded. She has become a paragon of womanhood, as Rocco says in presenting her to Fernando. Nor does drama matter now, and with Fernando's arrival opera gives way to choral symphony. The whole world bursts into jubilant song, with Leonore and Florestan reduced to members of a cosmic chorale.

Peter Hall, however, won't let *Fidelio* out-grow itself in this way, and insists on maintaining the domestic frame to the end. Officials in the final scene tentatively check the steps up to Fernando's dais. Elisabeth Söderström's Leonore is no superhuman zealot. She conveys the realistic cost of her mission, not its symbolic urgency. Appropriately, she is better with the prosaic dialogue than with the grandiloquent music – abrupt, gruff, boyishly touchy and nervous. Instead of making 'Ich habe Mut' a declaration of heroic will, as Birgit Nilsson does, she swallows her fear and swaggers in the hope of convincing herself of her courage. Fatigue undermines her. Entering, she staggers and subsides beneath the weight of the chains she is delivering. She slumps on to a seat for the ensuing quartet, and in 'Abscheulicher!' (here an admission of flagging spirits, not militant ardour) sits dis-

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consolately on the kitchen step, her hands clasped. Exhaustion overtakes her in the dungeon, and she collapses as soon as Pizarro is led away. The conception is cunningly devised to cover Söderström's vocal limitations. Whereas Nilsson could turn 'Tot erst sein Weib!' into a battlecry, establishing by the magnitude of her voice the difference between Leonore and the lesser beings she succours, Söderström is strained by the music. Her acting hopes to compensate, making a dramatic virtue out of vocal inadequacy, but like Hall's cosy and small-scale production it is too defensive, based on a false premise.

Hall's famous production of *Ritorno d'Ulisse*, revived this year, supplies the universality he denies to *Fidelio*. Monteverdi's stage is a world. The baroque masque mechanises the order of nature, contriving scenic equivalents for elemental upheavals and lowering the gods on to the earth. *Ulisse* is about the propriety and justice of the nature which the masque represents. The characters in *Fidelio* invoke the gods or perhaps invent them, conjuring them up by the strenuous intensity of their own faith. But in *Ulisse* the gods meddle in the human world whether appealed to or not, and rather than redeemers they are magnifications of human appetite. The waiting Penelope's quarrel is with the nature over which the gods preside. Ulisse's absence is, she says, a fault in nature: all other created things are returned to their rightful place by gravity, only he remains truant.

Humans resent or (as in the blithe chorus of Phaeacians) exult in the unconcern of the gods, who in their turn resent captious human independence. Nettuno, in contrast to Penelope, interprets the return of Ulisse as an offence against nature, because it misuses his own private element, the ocean. Telemaco accuses the earth of voracious cruelty to man, and Eumete tells Ulisse that heaven favours beggars, because their indigence places them beneath contempt. The comic glutton Iro is an exemplary figure in this work: man's struggle to survive is reduced to his foraging to feed himself, snatching life from a grudging nature. Eventually Ulisse's pardon comes from the elements. He is spared by thunderous heaven and the gelid sea. Monteverdi's gods are the jealous physical forces which punish our existence, or the providences with which we fondly deceive ourselves: Penelope begs the gods to satisfy her desires, but only she can do that by her patient defiance.

At Glyndebourne, Monteverdi's world-theatre becomes a spectacular flying circus. The gods travel on an elevated railway, hanging suspended in space to admonish their subjects or descending to earth to assist them. The prologue is a model of this universe. Humana Fragilità, deputising for the demoralised, victimised mortals of the opera, crouches on a dark floor while the gods tread the upper air, Tempo arthritically flying with the aid of his crutches, Fortuna mounted on a mutable, spinning globe. Humana Fragilità finally sinks beneath the earth, while the gods are retracted into their indifferent sky. Later, Giove dips down as a golden icon, while Nettuno rises on a pillar dripping with seaweed. The scenic transformations, enacting the passage between human reality and divine magic, are stunning. Minerva descends armoured in a cloud-chariot, then steps out from inside her heroic carapace to impersonate a shepherd boy. Ulisse disappears through the floor in his guise of decrepit

mendicant, and pops up again as a warrior.

The cast matches the machinery. Frederica von Stade is a heartbreaking Penelope. She has made her voice sound heavier and older, weighted and blunted by the tedium of grief. Even in the final recognition her singing is faint and cowed as if she doesn't yet believe in the restoration of happiness. Hands sullenly clenched, face gaunt and pinched, she nurses her pain with a weary tenderness. The first scene movingly suggests the morbid routine of her vigil: after her outburst against the gods she submits to the attentions of her maids and, while the suitors predatorily group behind her, is dressed for the day, prepared for the next instalment in her eternity of futile evasion. The tapestry she unpicks each night, the symbol of her wasted and self-mortifying life, stands behind her. Richard Stilwell's Ulisse is impressive – rebellious and agonised, yet shrewd and wolfish in his disguise. Raymond Leppard conducts his cosmetic version of the score, which is being recorded in between the Glyndebourne performances.

Weekend Competition

No 2570

Set by Fatboy

The great Comp Complex Sponsorship scheme swings into action again, thanks to the splendid generosity of Messrs Routledge and Kegan Paul. The bonus prizes for this quiz are copies of their *Dictionary of Biographical Quotation*, edited by Wintle and Kenin, and published at the sum of a Nightingale and a Wilson (or £10.50 to those of you who haven't yet caught up with the Complex currency). What we want from you is an apocryphal biographical anecdote, of up to 200 words (mighty kind, that length, so earn it) about any of the following Georges: George Orwell, George Bernard Shaw, George Gordon (Byron), or any King George from I-VI.

Result of No 2567 Set by Little Keith

We asked you to add to Kingsley Amis's *Collected Poems*.

Report

by Kingsley Amis

The losers separated themselves at a glance; couldn't rhyme or scan, you see. It warmed my heart to find that all the snide shags, like the fellow who said nobody would notice the difference if they stuffed me and put me in the window of the Athenaeum, fell into this group. So few survived the competence-test that I couldn't also demand resemblance to the model; the four winners get in as decent poems in their own right. I append a fifth entry that didn't reach me through the post. Quite good, I think; a bit *overdone*, but you expect that, and only the occasional phrase ('stupid gits') that I wouldn't have written. Well, interesting to see what they think of me, and less cock and balls and shit to the Lefties than I'd expected. Not a bad turn-out for the type of comp. £8 to Stanley Sharpless for the only one I'm cross about not having written myself; £6 to the next two; Gerry Hamill's fiver will be made up to six when he tells me where he got 'demitry' from.

Remember Lot's Wife

Sometimes in later years
dining with bosom pals
Lot felt a nervous wreck

passing the salt,
But on the evidence
(Genesis 19 *et seq*)
Mrs Lot's tragic end
wasn't his fault.

Poor sod was queer of course,
shouldn't have married her,
Sex-starved and sore-eyed
she looked back in tears,
Nothing but ashes and
sodium chloride,
Thank God I'm hetero,
whisky please, cheers.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Venus Plus X

Sean sees Molly in the kitchen
Washing up. Cackling, he leaps
At pretty buttocks. 'Lock your lip up,
Get back to your book, you mick!'
Sex stops when you do your zip up,
Science fiction is for keeps.
Back to Heinlein, Moorcock, Sheckley,
Sturgeon, Harrison, and Dick.

Literacy must take its chance. Sean
Drops his paperback. A saucer
Slips Moll's hand when expertly
He shafts her. 'Good things up your frock,
Girl!' Stuff the Faith: it's plain to me
There's sod-all sex or booze or Chaucer
Afterwards. (And, come to think,
There's no more Dick and no Moorcock.)

Don't suppose God's shocked.
He's read his van Vogt.

BRIAN ALDIS

New Approach Deprecated

I hope you gave my message to your dad.
You thought that Roman lot was pretty bad?
Believe me, if you were around today,
They wouldn't nail you to that cross. No way!
Spectaculars like that are too old-hat:
Our Masters now have tricks worth two of that.
You'd get the sympathy of all the ladies,
But still you wouldn't stand a chance in Hades.
They'd smear you in the media, then, no doubt,
Have some hired hit-man quietly take you out.
Then they'd take damn good care that no St Paul
Could get his mission off the ground at all.
So, if you've any plans for coming back,
Take my advice and just forget them, Jack.

ROBERT BAIRD

End-game

How to meet your father's Father,
Gwyneth, on my demity,
Butter Him with oily blather
Unction in extremity?

Megan dear, I threw a seven,
(God you fouled me when I fell)
In my seeking scraps of heaven
Those I loved got bloody hell.

Dai, my record spins unladen,
Memory concertina'd as
Cui, Borodin, Snow Maiden,
Rock of Ages, all that jazz.

Chapel-doubts at shrouded eve-time
(Zion's tat for tit I'll yell)
Will I pass to pre-conceive time
Or the Meads of Asphodel?

GERRY HAMILL

After Ralph Hodgson

'Twould warm the crinkled cockles
Of honest Tory hearts
If Maggie, Keith and Willie
Attacked the private parts
Of all those foreign students,
And trendy little tarts,
And stupid gits who practise
Experimental arts,
And able-bodied loafers
And little Lefty farts.

ROBERT MARKHAM



Tony Miles

Chess

No 137

Russia's Prodigy

The Grandmaster tournament held at Banja Luka in Yugoslavia recently, produced one of the most sensational results in chess history. The event was quite a strong one; of the 16 players 14 were GMs and one IM. The average rating of the 15 titled players was over 2520, though the official tournament average is under since the other player started the tournament without a rating, and would therefore normally be taken as 2200.

This other player was Gary Kasparov (Weinstein) the 15 year old Russian whom I mentioned in this column in January. The results speak for themselves. First was Kasparov with 11½/15 (!) second equal Ulf Anderson and Jan Smejkal (Czec) 9½, fourth ex-world champion Tigran Petrosian with 9.

The list goes on: Adorjan 8½, Knezevic 8, Matonovic and Browne (many times US champion) 7½, Bukic 7, G Garcia, Vukic, Moraic and Marjanovic 6½, Hernandez and Kurajica (this may drive the point home to many as Kurajica is well-known in England) 6 and Shibarevic 4.

The scores are stunning (frightening!) enough in themselves, but in fact Kasparov started with 9/10 and then, deciding he had done enough, quietly drew his remaining games. Even so, at a rough calculation I make his tournament rating about 2735. Karpov's current rating is 2705.

I repeat Kasparov is just 15, and ridiculous though it sounds, his games show it. They are generally scrappy tactical affairs with little positional polish. Furthermore this was his first tournament outside the USSR — usually a nervous occasion. Heaven only knows what will happen when he matures a bit.

My final thought on the subject comes inadvertently from Karpov. When succeeding to the title in 1975 a journalist asked him how long he wanted to or would — I forget the phrasing — remain world champion. He replied nine years. Kasparov is out of the current cycle (he was not selected for the zonal!) so his first chance will be 1984!

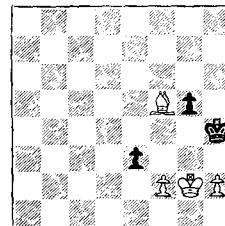
White: G Kasparov

Black: W Browne

1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-K3; 3.N-KB3, P-QN3; 4.P-QR3, P-B4; 5.P-Q5, B-R3; 6.Q-B2, PxP; 7.PxP, P-Q3; 8.N-B3, QN-Q2; 9.B-B4, B-K2; 10.P-KN3, 0-0; 11.B-N2, R-K1; 12.0-0, N-R4; 13.B-Q2, N(R4)-B3; 14.KR-K1, B-KB1; 15.P-QR4, N-N5; 16.N-QN5, B-N2; 17.P-K4, P-QR3; 18.N-R3, R-N1; 19.P-R3, N(N5)-B3; 20.B-B3, Q-B2; 21.N-Q2, B-B1; 22.B-B1, P-KN4; 23.N-B3, P-R3; 24.N-B4, P-N4; 25.PxP, PxP; 26.P-K5, NxQP; 27.NxQP, BxN; 28.PxB, Q-Q1; 29.N-K5, N-N5; 30.Q-Q2, NxN; 31.RxN, RxR; 32.BxR, N-B3; 33.Q-K7, NxR; 34.QxN, P-B5; 35.B-N2, B-K3; 36.R-R3, P-QN5; 37.B-K4, P-B6; 38.B-R7ch, KxB; 39.QxB, Black resigned.

Problem 137

Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 27th June.

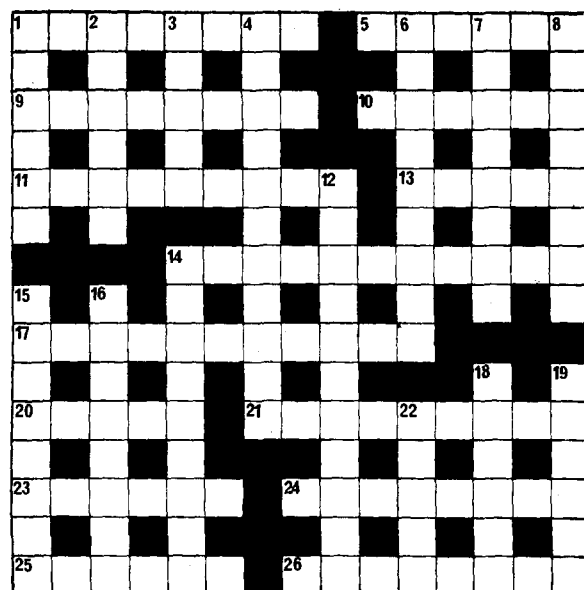


Solution to Problem 135

1.Q-R8! Resigns! On ...RxQ; 2.NxBch wins a piece, and otherwise Black cannot simultaneously defend his R, N and B.

Weekend Crossword 1306

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1306, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 26 June.



ACROSS

- 1 Painting of headland? (8).
- 5 Religious institution makes it hot in the other place (6).
- 9 Place to recover when pilot has suffered injury (8).
- 10 The opera for transport workers (6).
- 11 Claim to be changing through change (9).
- 13 Spirit of war I eliminate in peace (5).
- 14 When forms are without a master, they don't give real leadership (11).
- 17 Leagues apparently supplied the East with food (11).
- 20 Opening created by smashing atoms (5).
- 21 Sharpening after a drink as a means of conveying water (9).
- 23 Creature which is the opposite of a layer (6).
- 24 After extended play I am embraced by a goddess, but these things don't last (8).
- 25 Bring to light sound in river (6).

- 26 Riding makes one get into gear before time (8).

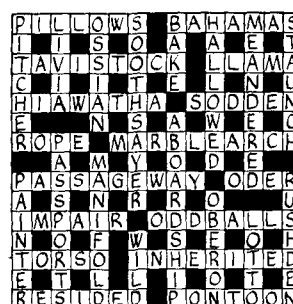
DOWN

- 1 Plan for me to join a woman without starting cohabitation (6).
- 2 Pieces of good fortune not coming singly? (6).
- 3 Get up although caught by the leg (5).
- 4 A player gets excited in these entrances (6,5).
- 6 Problems for a woman caught between one and more males (9).
- 7 I camp with men providing dried food (8).
- 8 Those not equipped for agriculture get fewer fish (8).
- 12 It provides copy which would look good in a motoring journal (6,5).
- 14 True adult in business gives warning of disaster (9).
- 15 Geoff sat out, not acting (8).
- 16 'Fools they — and confirm the wise' (Crabbe) (8).
- 18 Where there are pictures of mother on animals (6).

- 19 Related to a rich man who has lost a thousand (6).
- 22 Reveals inside of duck with feathers on it (5).

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Applications are invited for the following posts:

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Reader in Geography (Post 79/59). As this Readership is at present the senior academic position in Geography within the University, applicants should have a broad competence in the field with interests in both economic and social geography. Some experience in the Third World would be an advantage. The appointee would ordinarily be expected to undertake administrative responsibility for the geography discipline but this arrangement may be varied in particular circumstances. Further particulars are available on request.

Salary scale: F\$14,889-F\$16,301 p.a. (£1 sterling = F\$1.72). The British Government may supplement salaries by £3,042 p.a. (sterling) for married appointees and £1,284 p.a. (sterling) for single appointees (reviewed annually and normally free from tax) and provide children's education allowances and holiday visit passages. Family passages; gratuity of 15% basic salary; superannuation; appointment allowance; partly furnished accommodation at a maximum rental at present 12½% of salary (this is under review); appointments will be for contract period of 3 years and will be renewable by mutual agreement; in exceptional circumstances applications may be considered for a shorter contract. Detailed applications (2 copies) with curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees to be sent direct to the Registrar, University of the South Pacific, PO Box 1168, Suva, Fiji by 13 July 1979. Applicants resident in the UK should also send one copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further details may be obtained from either address.

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D. 'Application of SSB Angle Modulation in Mobile Radio Systems'

Under the supervision of Dr G. B. Lockhart and in co-operation with the Philips Research Laboratories.

E. 'Noise Enhancement of Microwave Remote Sensing Systems'

Under the supervision of Professor P. A. Matthews and in co-operation with the Plessey Co. Ltd., Electronics Systems Research, Havant.

F. 'Investigations on Heat Transfer in Electric Arc Welding'

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It is expected that the firms concerned will supplement the SRC awards. For further information and application forms write to the Department of Electrical and Electronic Engineering, University of Leeds, Leeds LS2 9JT.

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Westway Information and Aid Centre, North Kensington

Full-Time Community Lawyer

A solicitor or barrister is required to continue and develop the permanent legal resource which has been established for the CAB and other advice groups in the Information and Aid Centre in North Kensington. This is an opportunity to make a central contribution to the work of a busy centre which deals with a very wide range of problems particularly housing and income maintenance. The lawyer will support the full-time lay advisers in their legal work, notably in a consultancy and training role and will undertake limited casework. He/she will work closely with the counterpart solicitor at the Chelsea CAB. Salary on local authority related scale — £5,667 to £6,777 per annum. 24 days holiday p.a. Job description and application form from R. J. Forrest, GLCABS, 31 Wellington Street, WC2E 7QH. Closing date 4 July.

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If you are interested in working for a worthwhile, international organisation dealing with worldwide family planning, come and work for the International Planned Parenthood Federation. We have a variety of secretarial vacancies in the following departments: Information, Programme Strategy, Travel, Legal and Evaluation. The duties are varied and interesting. We are interested in secretaries with several years' experience, qualifications to include 4 GCE 'O' levels, and shorthand/typing of 100/50 wpm.

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INTERNATIONAL PLANNED PARENTHOOD FEDERATION

British Medical Association

Industrial Relations Officer

The BMA is establishing a regional industrial relations service to provide advice and assistance to its members, and seeks an Industrial Relations Officer, to work in Wales from our Cardiff office.

Applicants must have experience in the field of industrial relations. Experience in the Health Service would be an advantage but is not essential.

A car will be provided as extensive travel throughout Wales will be necessary.

The commencing salary will be within the range £5,194-£7,666 p.a. according to experience. (This range will be increased to £5,429-£8,018 from 1 August and to £5,831-£8,900 from 1 January 1980).

Applications giving full career details and the names of two business referees should be addressed to Personnel Administrator, British Medical Association, BMA House, Tavistock Square, London WC1H 9JP (Ref: NDE). Closing Date: 13 July 1979.

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UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH PACIFIC

Applications are invited for two positions of

Senior Lecturer/ Lecturer in Administrative Studies

(Post 79/57) tenable as soon as possible. Candidates should possess good post-graduate qualifications and teaching experience at the tertiary level, and also preferably some appropriate working experience. The appointees will be expected to teach in the degree and diploma courses in Administration offered by the School of Social and Economic Development with special emphasis on one or more of the following fields: administrative institutions, behavioural sciences for management, comparative and development administration, and organisations theory. In addition an interest in one or more of the following topics would be desirable: administration of the budgetary process, ergonomics, local government, public enterprise. Contributions to the extension studies programme and to some in-service training courses will be required, and these may involve travel in the University Region outside Fiji. Salary scales: Senior Lecturer: F\$11,960-14,135 p.a. Lecturer: F\$8,175-11,563 p.a. (£1 sterling=F\$1.72). The British Government may supplement salaries in range £1,842-2,796 p.a. (sterling) for married appointees and £444-1,164 p.a. (sterling) for single appointees (reviewed annually and normally free from tax) and provide children's education allowances and holiday visit passages. Family passages. In addition the University provides gratuity amounting to 15% of basic salary, superannuation contribution, appointment allowance, partly furnished accommodation at a maximum rental at present of 12½% of salary (this is under review). Appointments will be for a contract period of three years and will be renewable by mutual agreement. Detailed applications (2 copies) with curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees to be sent direct to the Registrar, University of the South Pacific, PO Box 1168, Suva, Fiji by 11 July 1979. Applicants resident in the UK should also send one copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further details may be obtained from either address.

The Community Projects Foundation

TRAINING WORKSHOP RESOURCE UNIT

The following staff are required for this new unit which is based at the Foundation's headquarters in Highbury, North London. The Training Workshop Resource Unit, funded by the Manpower Services Commission for an initial two year period, will advise and support potential and current YOP Training Workshop sponsors on the design and development of training, staffing, and production schemes in workshops.

Two Field Officers

Applicants must have the skills and experience to enable them to advise a wide range of sponsors on the nature and funding of the MSC Training Workshop Programme, and on training, commercial management, product identification, and industrial practices. They will also have an interest in the development of theory and practice in the field of vocational preparation for young people. Starting salary £6,180 p.a. (including London Weighting).

Administrator

The Administrator will be responsible for the efficient running of the Unit's office, and for the provision of secretarial and administrative services to the Unit Co-ordinator and Field Officers. Applicants must have good secretarial skills, some book-keeping experience, and an ability to organise and use initiative. Starting salary £4,000-£4,500 (including London Weighting) according to age.

For further details please contact Pat Connolly, Community Projects Foundation, 7 Leonard Street, London EC2A 4AQ (01-251 0033/36). Closing date: Monday 25 June.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED HOUSE MANAGERS

Regional Organiser

Regional Organiser required for our Greater London Region. Applicants should have experience or knowledge of trade union negotiations and procedures. For details and application form please write to: Mr Harry Shindler, National Secretary, NALHM, 9 Coombe Lane, Raynes Park, London SW20 8NE. Closing date: Friday, 29 June 1979.

EASTERN SERVICE, EXTERNAL BROADCASTING TALKS WRITER/PRODUCER in Central London

To research and write current affairs talks for translation and broadcasting in programmes to South Asia, Iran and Burma. Can be called on to broadcast and interview in English, and to undertake certain production duties. Up to date understanding of affairs of South Asia, and proven ability to write clearly and succinctly and to think and work quickly, essential. Previous experience of writing for translation and broadcasting and some radio production experience an advantage.

Salary £6,385 p.a. (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) to £8,405 p.a. plus continuing unconsolidated allowance of £361 p.a.

Write or telephone immediately for application form (enclosing addressed envelope) quoting reference No. 1377 NS to Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel: 01-580 4468 Ext 4619.



British Medical Association

Industrial Relations Officers

The BMA is establishing a regional industrial relations service to provide advice and assistance to its members, and seeks two Industrial Relations Officers, preferably with Health Service experience to cover 1) North Western and Mersey Regional Health Authorities. There are BMA regional offices at Manchester and Liverpool, and 2) Northern and Yorkshire Regional Health Authorities. There are BMA regional offices at Newcastle and Leeds.

A car will be provided as extensive travel throughout the regions will be necessary.

The commencing salary will be within the range £5,194-£7,666 p.a. according to experience. (This range will be increased to £5,429-£8,018 from 1 August and to £5,831-£8,900 from 1 January 1980).

Applications giving full career details and the names of two business referees should be addressed to Personnel Administrator, British Medical Association, BMA House, Tavistock Square, London WC1H 9JP (Ref: NDE). Closing Date: 13 July 1979.

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4. **Water Engineer.** To work on small scale rural development projects in Upper Volta.

MIDDLE EAST

5. **Course Developer.** With engineering background to work at small polytechnic on the West Bank. Openings may also arise in Latin America for people with backgrounds in economics and/or experience in documentation.

Inquiries and application forms: UNA International Service, 3 Whitehall Court, London SW1A 2E11.



National Council for

One Parent Families

Formerly National Council for the Unmarried Mother and her Child
255 Kentish Town Road, London NW5 2LX 01-267 1361

Welfare Rights Officer

The National Council for One-Parent Families has a vacancy for a Welfare Rights Officer at its Kentish Town office.

We are looking for someone with working experience of the Supplementary Benefits system and an interest in welfare law and policy. A Degree or similar qualification would be considered essential.

The Rights Worker would advise individuals, develop Tribunal representation, help compile leaflets and would be involved in departmental projects in the London area. In addition the worker would be responsible for initiating discussion on relevant policy matters within the Organisation and would advise colleagues on pertinent rights issues.

The salary would be within the range £4,000-£4,500 (including London Weighting) and would be dependent on qualification and experience.

If you are interested please contact Harry Fletcher or Jane Streather on 267 1361 for informal discussion or write to the Director, National Council for One Parent Families, 255 Kentish Town Road, London NW5 2LX, asking for application form and further information. The closing date for applications will be Thursday, 28 June 1979.

university of wales university college of swansea

Lecturers

Applications are invited for two vacancies of

Lecturer in the Department of Political Theory and Government

Applicants for one of the posts should have interests in the Government & Politics of the U.S.A., and for the other, in the Government & Politics of France. The appointments, which will date from 1 October 1979, will be on the scale £4,333 - £8,992 per annum, together with USS/USDPS benefits.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Personnel Officer, University College of Swansea, Singleton Park, Swansea SA2 8PP, to whom they should be returned by Friday, 22 June 1979.

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Application forms and further details from the Staff Officer, Portsmouth Polytechnic, Alexandra House, Museum Road, Portsmouth PO1 2QQ, to whom completed applications should be returned by 29 June 1979 quoting 956.

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A research assistant is needed for a Leverhulme project to help prepare an edited selection of the diary of the late Lord Dalton for publication. The appointment is expected to be for two years, starting October 1979. The successful applicant will work under the direction of the editor, Dr Ben Pimlott.

Candidates should have a good first degree in politics, history or economics. Postgraduate research experience in modern British government or political history would be an advantage.

Starting salary will be at an appropriate point on scale £3,360-£4,394 (including London Weighting). Applications (giving full details of qualifications and experience and naming three referees) should be submitted not later than 26 June to Mrs Carman, LSE, Houghton Street, WC2A 2AE (Tel: 01-405 7686 Ext. 701).

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The Commonwealth and the NIED

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The General Secretary,
A.B.S.,
King's Court,
2-16 Goudge Street,
London W1P 2AE.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM POLYTECHNIC. Faculty of Social Sciences and Arts. Department of Government and Economics, Senior Lecturer/Lecturer II in Local Government required to teach on degree and professional courses in the field of Local and Central Government. Experience in Local Government Management would be a distinct advantage. Salary Scale: Senior Lecturer: £6,051-£7,065 (bar) £7,572 (under review). Lecturer II: £4,101-£6,558. Further details and application forms (to be returned by 29 June 1979) from: The Personnel Officer, City of Birmingham Polytechnic, F Block, Birmingham B42 2SU.

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ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Fully air cond. Recorded bkg info 836 5332. Mikhail Bulgakov's 'The White Guard', 'Love's Labour's Lost' and 'The Taming of The Shrew'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Tom McGrath's 'The Innocent', Howard Brenton's 'The Churchill Play' and 'The Merchant of Venice'.

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NEW END. 794 0238. Simone Benmussa directs 'Portrait of Dora' by Helene Cixous (from Freud's 'Dora'). Tues.-Suns 8 p.m.

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Meetings

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ICA EVENTS. The Mall, SW1. 19 June 7.30 p.m. Richard Burghardt on 'Ascetic Body Art and the Source of Creation' (accompanies the Wölfl exhibition). 7.5p. 930 6393.

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THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sun. 17 June 8 p.m. 'Man's Responsibility to Life'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, London W2.

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Details from Festival Organiser, London District Communist Party, 75 Farringdon Road, London EC1. Phone: 01-242 1776.

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